



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



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• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

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- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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# TINTIN and ALPH-ART







**NO! NO! NOOO!**

Captain!



Oh... Good heavens! But... Tintin...  
What are you doing here?  
What a nightmare!



What a horrible nightmare...  
Just imagine...



**RING  
RRRING**



Hello? Yes...  
No, madam...

No, you have the wrong number...  
No, this is not Mr  
Cutte the butcher!  
Not at all, madam.



As I was telling you, a horrible nightmare...  
There was Nestor bringing my breakfast.  
But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my  
breakfast either.

Oh yes?...



Then suddenly...

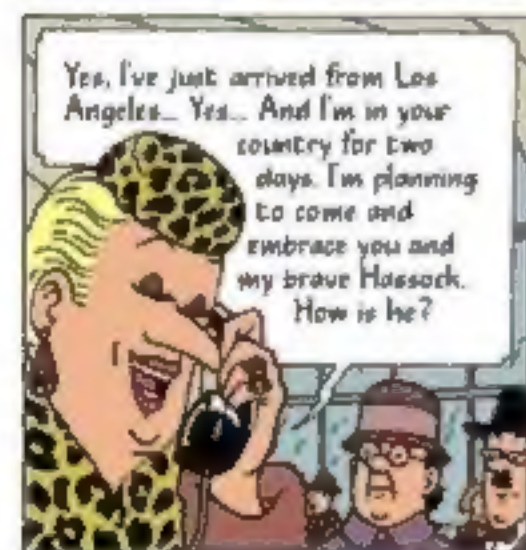
**RRRING**

Again?



Hello? Yes... Wh-wh... what?... Who?...  
Signora Castafiore?

**NOO!**



Yes, I've just arrived from Los  
Angeles... Yes... And I'm in your  
country for two  
days. I'm planning  
to come and  
embrace you and  
my brave Hassock.  
How is he?

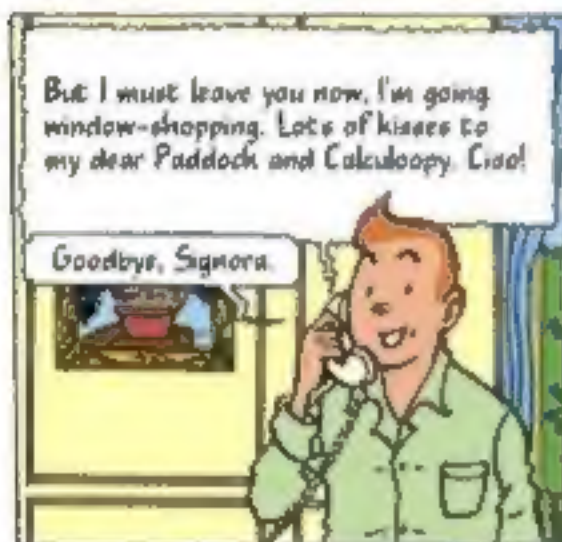
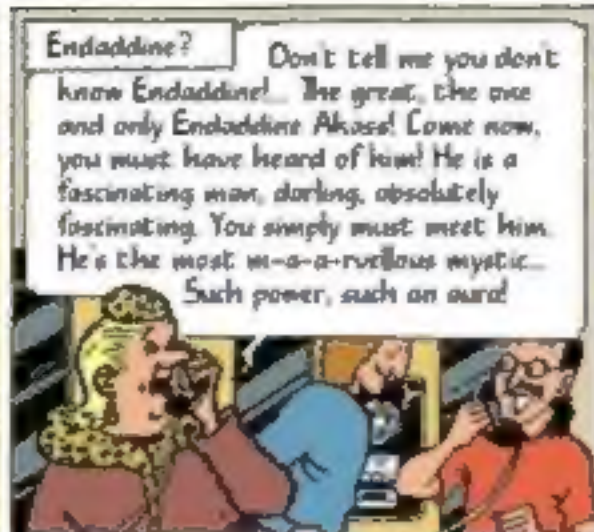


Very well, Signora, I. He's just gone  
out... He will be most upset to have  
missed you.

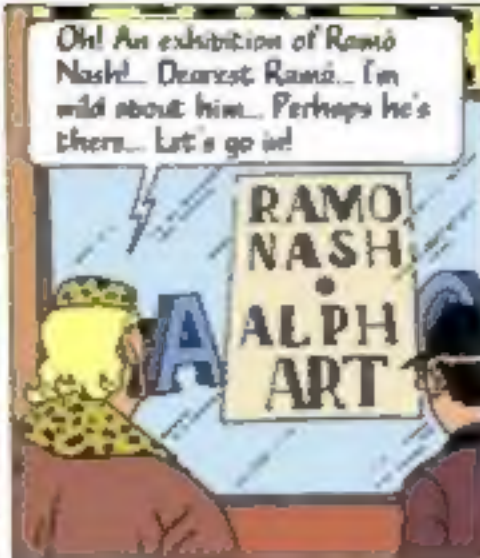


Where are you calling from?  
From the airport, caro mio.











Dearest Bianca!

Ramón! ... Darling, what a surprise!  
My goodness me!



SMACK



My dear friend, allow me to  
present an art lover ...



Captain Stopcock! ... You here!  
What a surprise!

Bianca! ... You here!  
What a surprise!



SMACK

SMACK



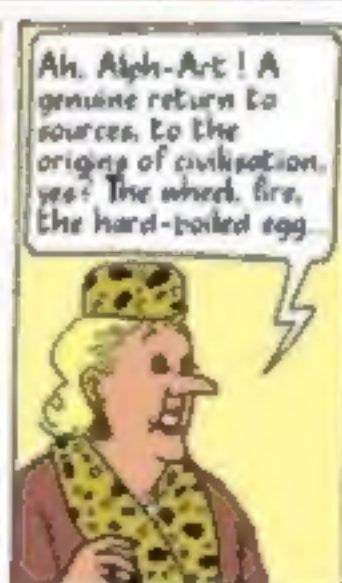
How delightful to find you here! ... You're  
interested in Alph-Art! ... Well, I'd never  
have thought it possible ... That a simple  
fisherman, without any education, should  
be mad about Art ... it's fantastic!



It proves that your art, so simple and at the  
same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can  
reach the whole world ... from the most  
uncouth to the most ... the most ... Well, to  
people like us ...



Ah, Alph-Art! A  
genuine return to  
sources, to the  
origins of civilisation,  
yes! The wheel, fire,  
the hard-boiled egg



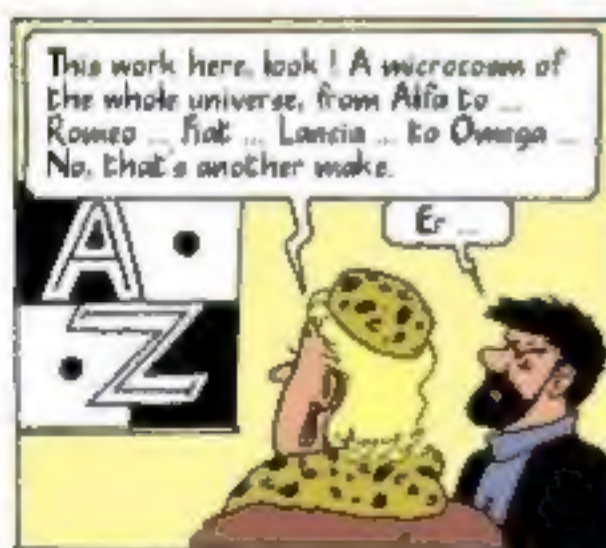
Look at that, Captain Kapok! What  
strength, what nobility! You feel  
better when you've seen that,  
don't you?

Er ... Um ...



This work here, look! A microcosm of  
the whole universe, from Alfa to ...  
Romeo ... Fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ...  
No, that's another make.

Er ...



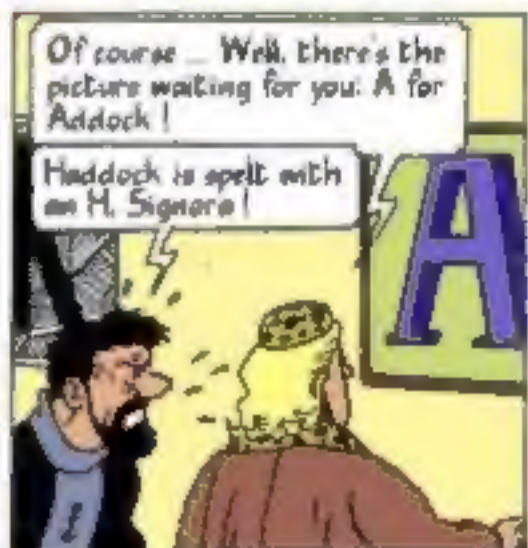
Oh, this one! Especially for you,  
Captain ... K for Kapok!

My name is Haddock,  
Signora Bianca!

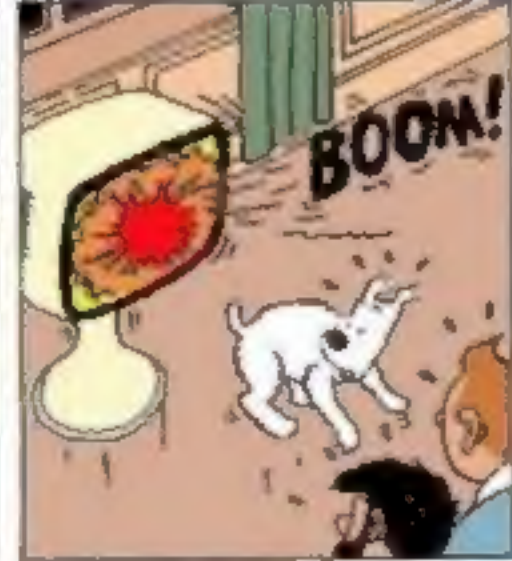
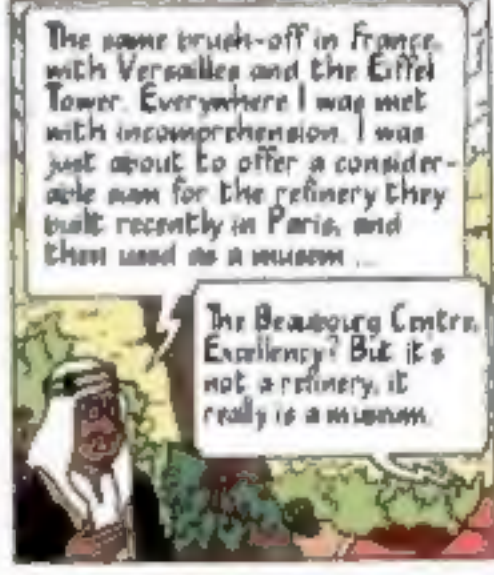


Of course ... Well, there's the  
picture waiting for you: A for  
Addock!

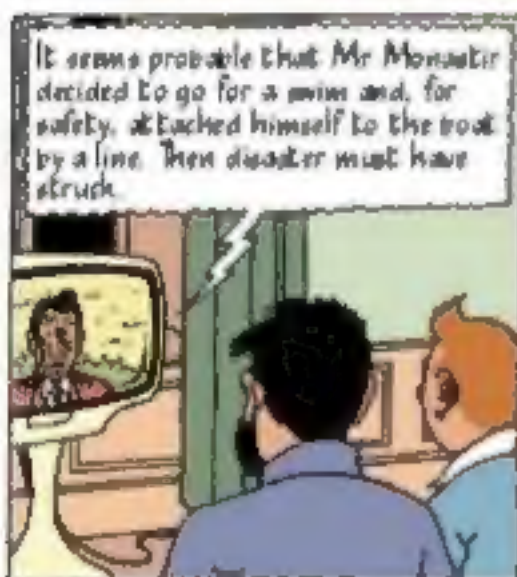
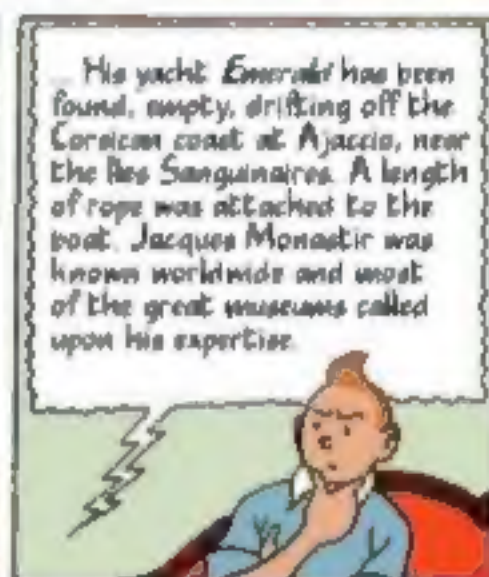
Haddock is spelt with  
an H, Signora!



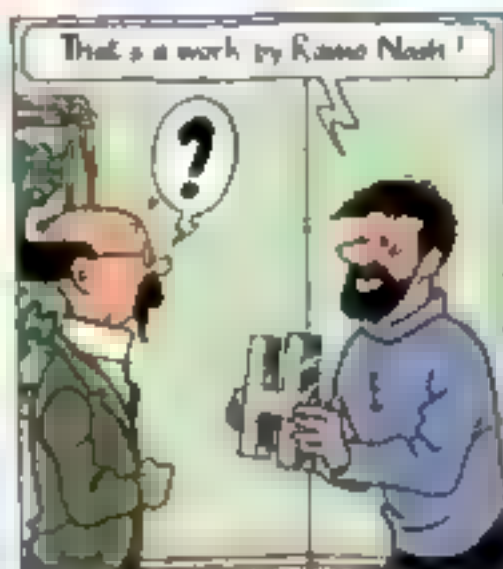
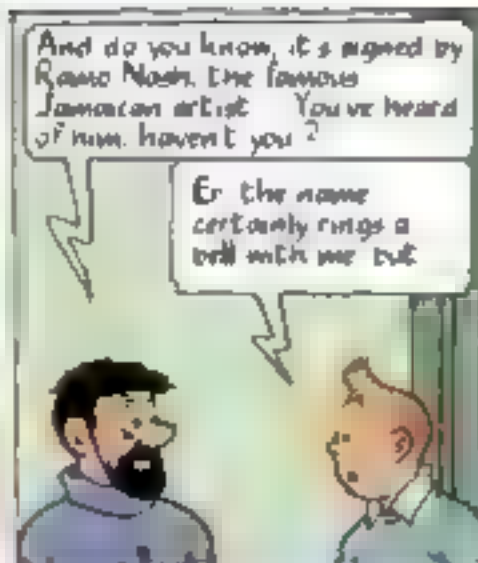








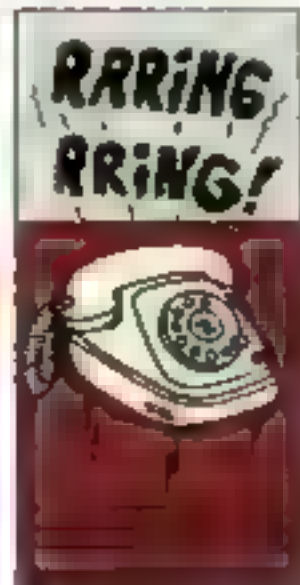
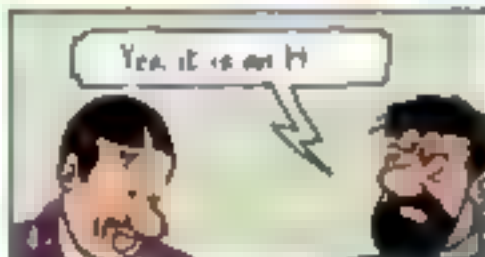




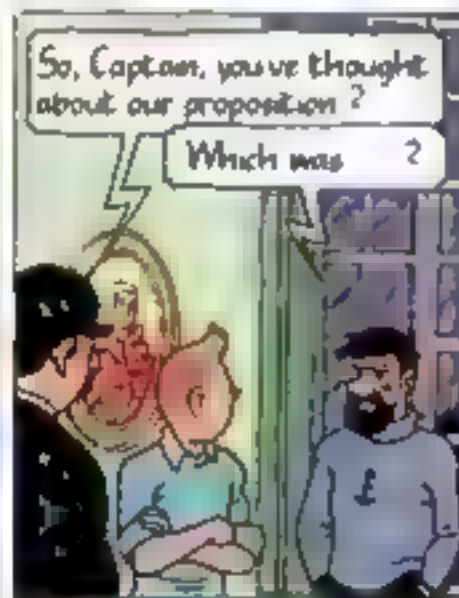
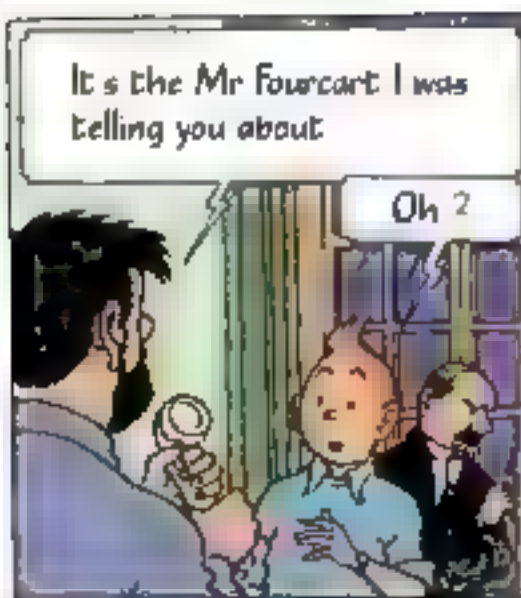














*The next morning*



A cartoon illustration of a man with brown hair, wearing a blue sweater and a red tie, sitting at a round table with a white tablecloth. He is petting a white dog with a black collar. On the table are two cups of coffee. A speech bubble from the dog says, "Ah, the newspaper thanks Snowy." The background shows a window with a view of a city.

Let's see... what fresh disaster have they got for us today?

A cartoon illustration of a boy with a surprised expression, sitting in a red chair and reading a newspaper. A large lightning bolt strikes the newspaper. A small white dog is sitting on the floor next to him. The background shows a window with green foliage outside.

**FOURCART DIES**  
Art world now on again

Yates day last week  
Monica stopped to  
at least a few the list  
Seymour's ex today  
enormous expense  
few let me to end  
in an accident

**A CHARITY CON**  
Sings a new song  
have been found a  
the day a singer  
singing to take  
the heart

**In brief**

All very mysterious      He  
had something to tell me !  
And he died too



Alas yes, poor man! A chapter of accidents

Alas yes, poor man! A chapter of accidents

But what if they weren't accidents?

Oh, you! You always see mysteries everywhere!




But what if they weren't accidents?

Oh, you! You always see mysteries everywhere!



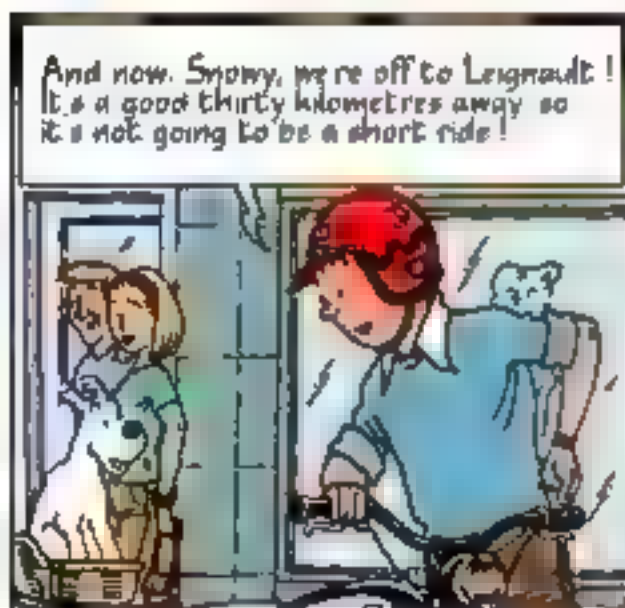
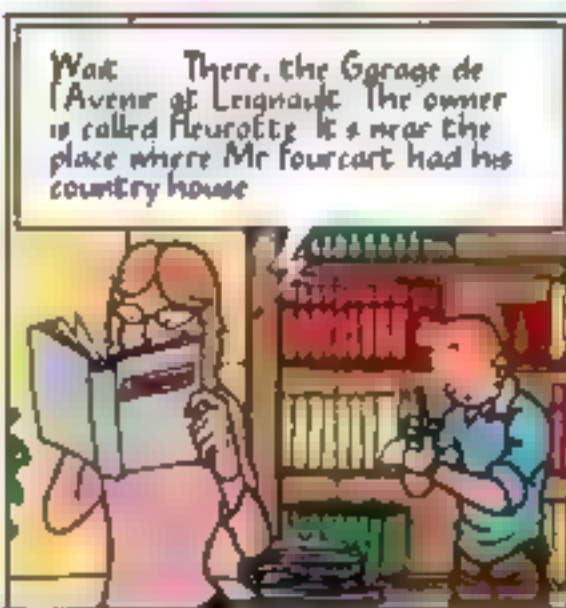
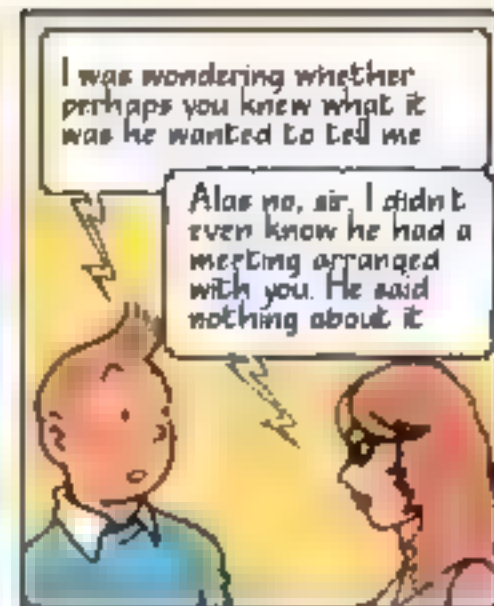
Yes, you're probably right, Captain. But even so, tomorrow I shall make a few enquiries.

*The next morning*

A person wearing a red helmet and a blue long-sleeved shirt is riding a bicycle on a dirt path. The path is surrounded by green grass and trees. The person is riding away from the viewer.

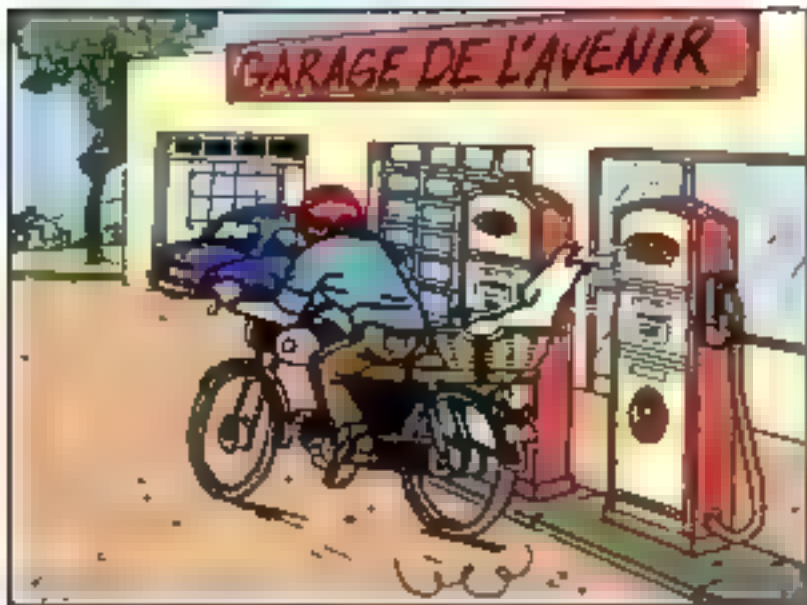
You wait there quietly for me,  
Snowy, my friend







# GARAGE DE L'AVENIR

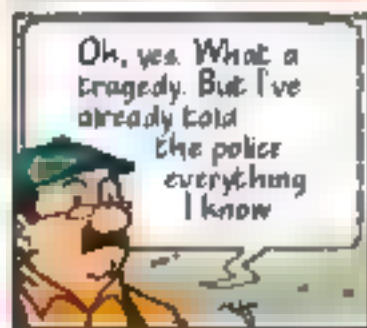


Mr Fleurotte ?

That's me, yes.

Good morning. I'm a journalist and I'm making enquiries about the accident in which Mr Fourcart was killed.

Oh, yes. What a tragedy. But I've already told the police everything I know



Mr Fourcart was one of my oldest customers. He actually brought in his car just a few days ago to have a small oil leak attended to: just a seal replacement job

And apart from that, the car was in good shape ?



Perfect condition. It was almost new, less than 32,000 kilometres on the clock. No, to my way of thinking, Mr Fourcart must have been taken ill. He knew the road well, he had a house not far from here.



Whereabouts did the accident happen ?

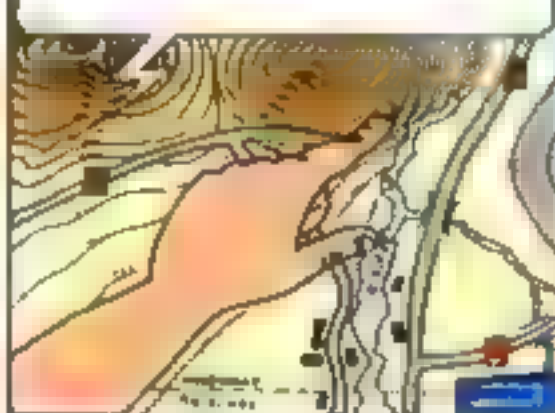
The exact place ? I'll show you on the map.



It's three kilometres from here, between Leignault and Marmont.

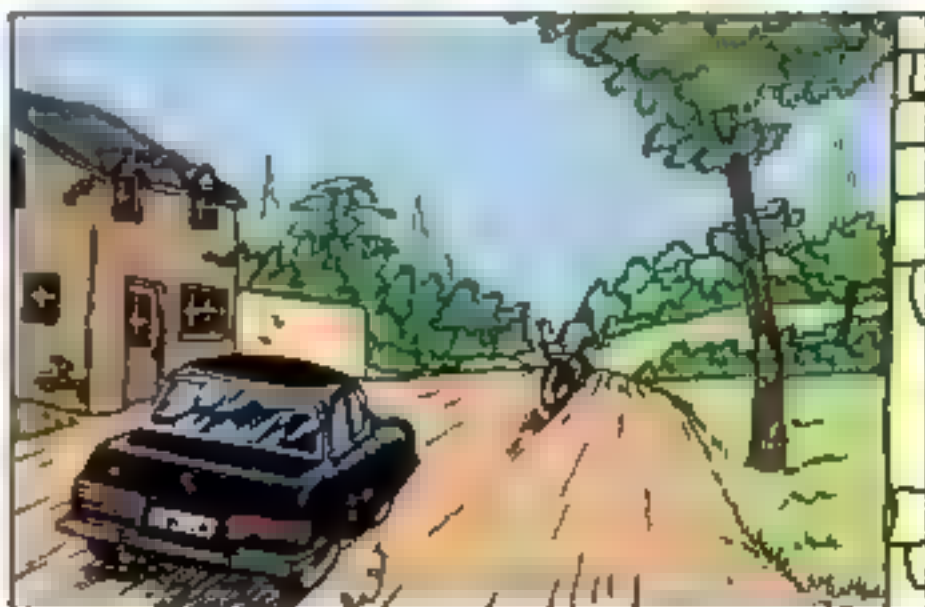
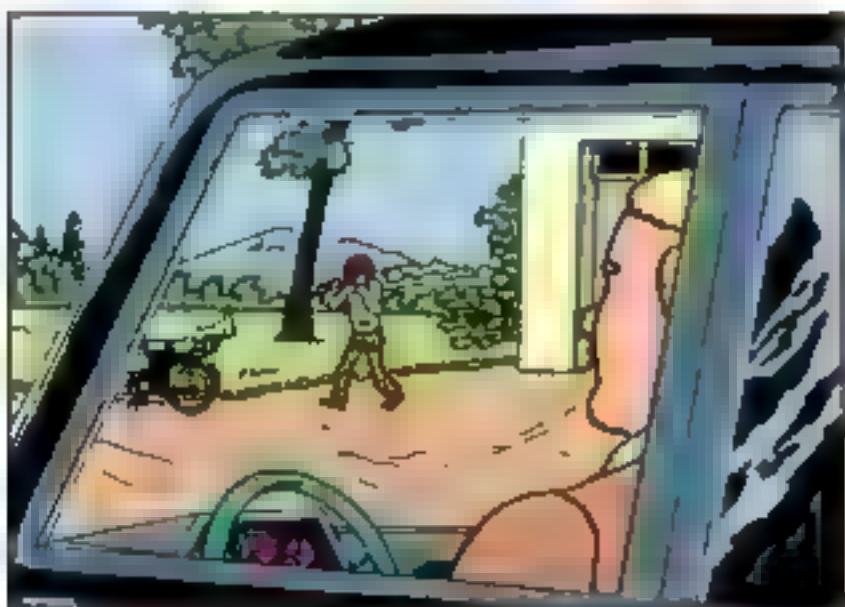


You'll see, the parapet is smashed and the car is still on the bed of the river, the Doulette.

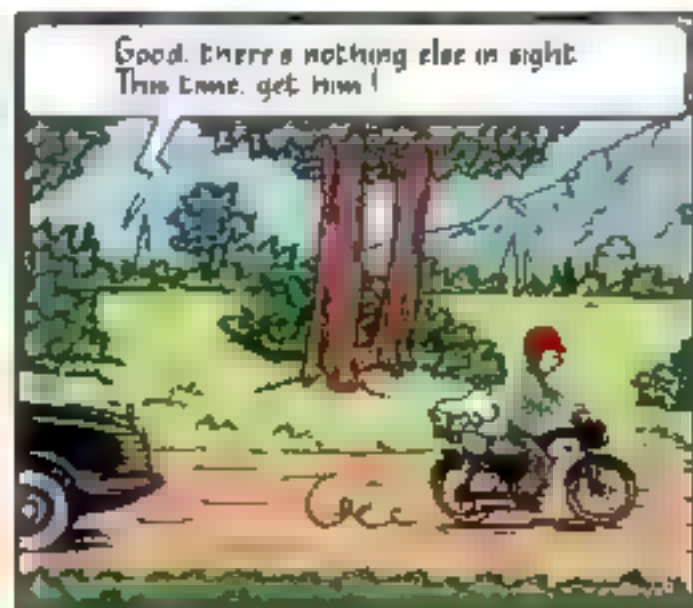
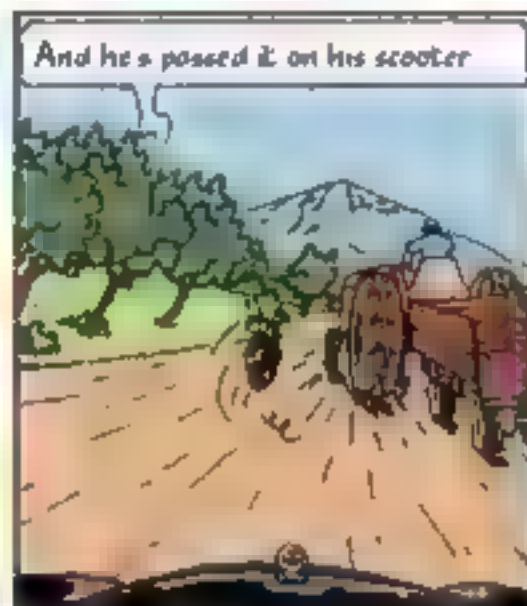
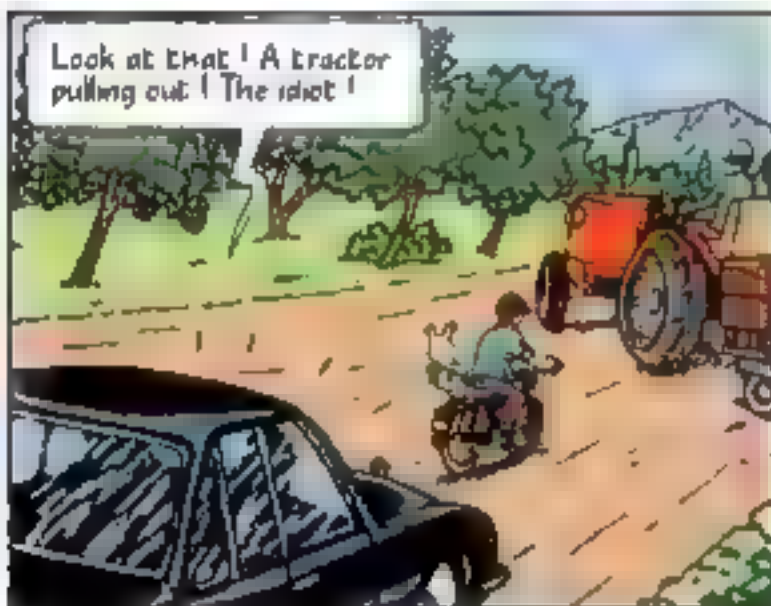


Thank you very much, Mr Fleurotte.

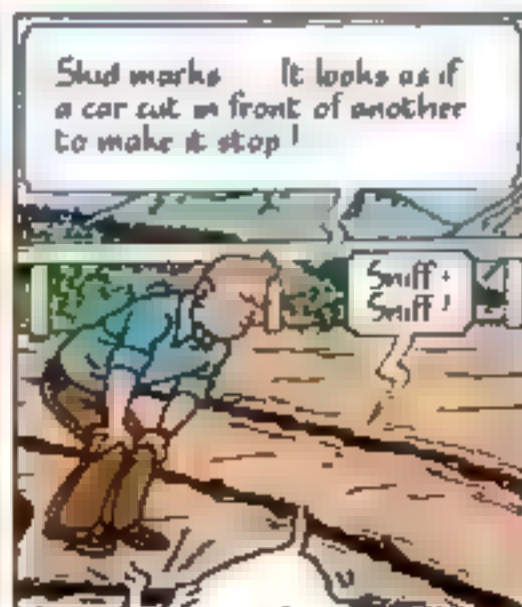
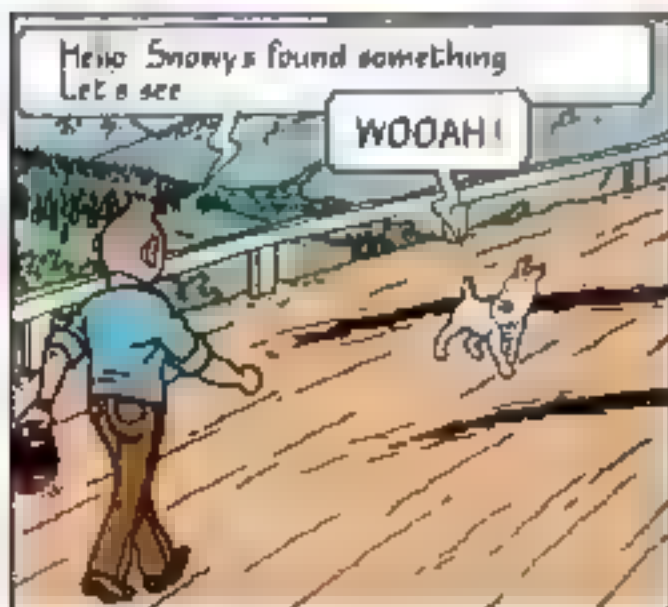
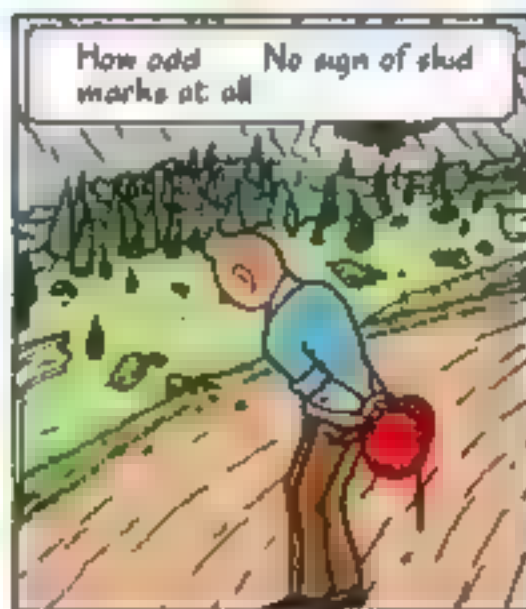
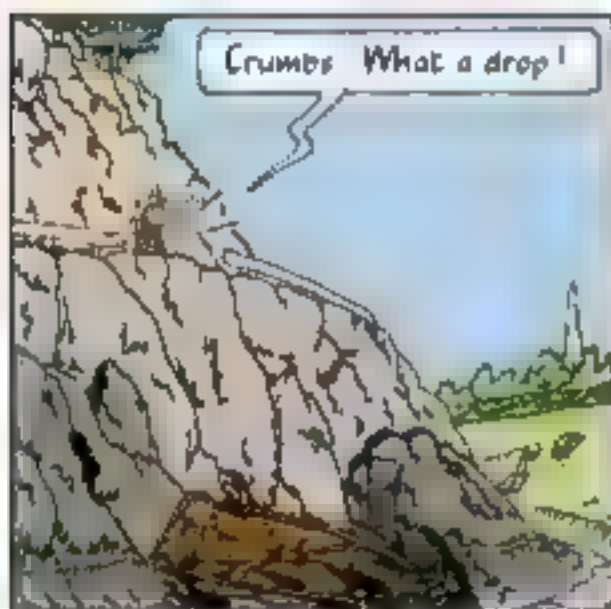
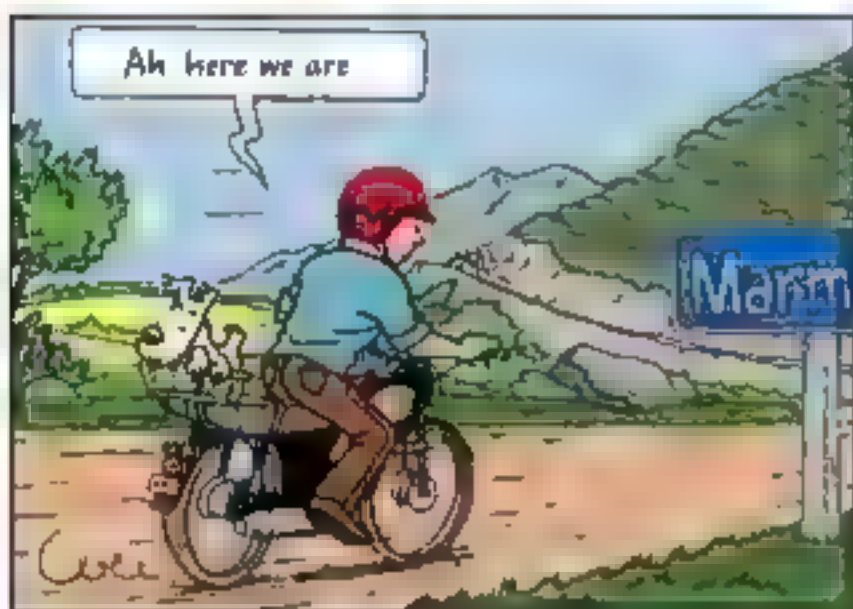
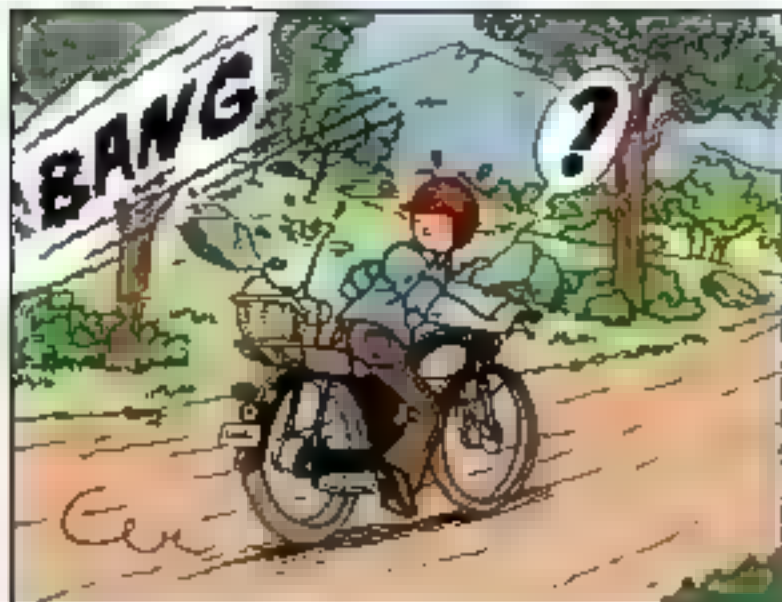
That's OK.





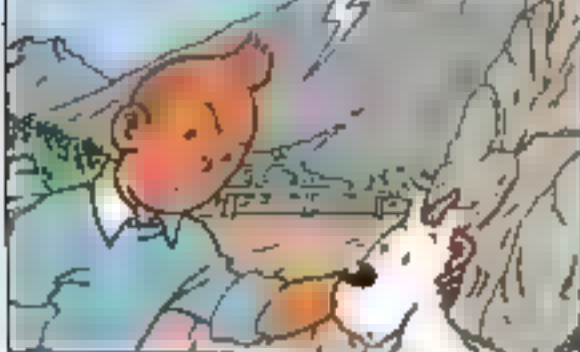








Let's see the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time. And if someone forced Fourcart to stop



Then it really was murder. And the other accident, to Monastir, was murder as well



There he is!  
This time don't miss!



Look out!  
Another car!



He must be crazy

Messed!



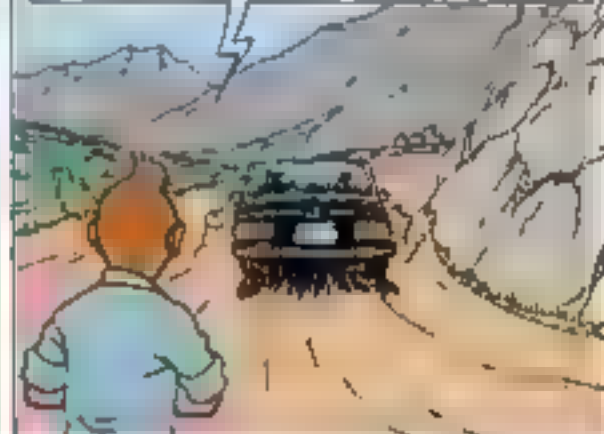
Stop here and reverse back  
This has taken too long already!  
It needs to be finished now



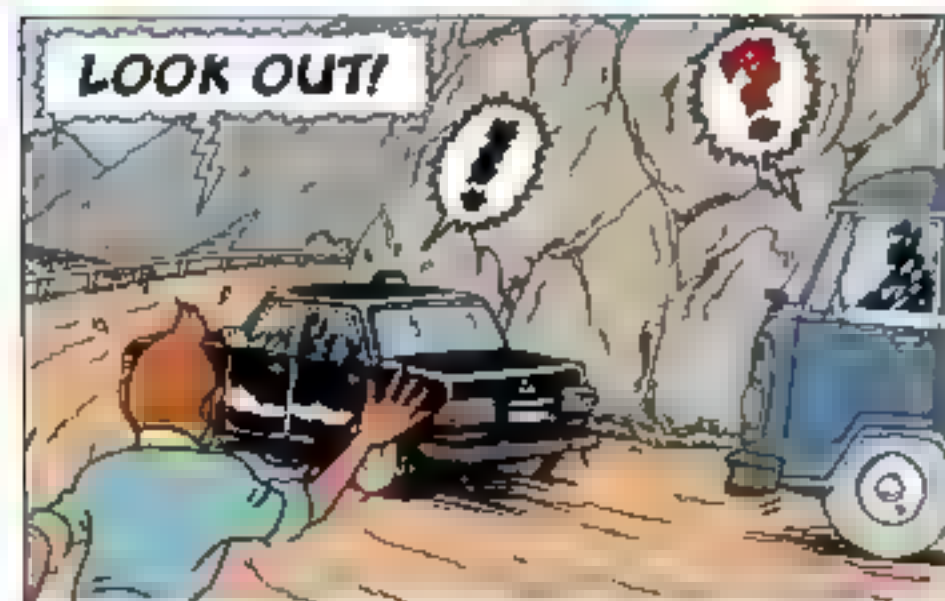
This time he won't escape  
and too bad it won't look like  
an accident!



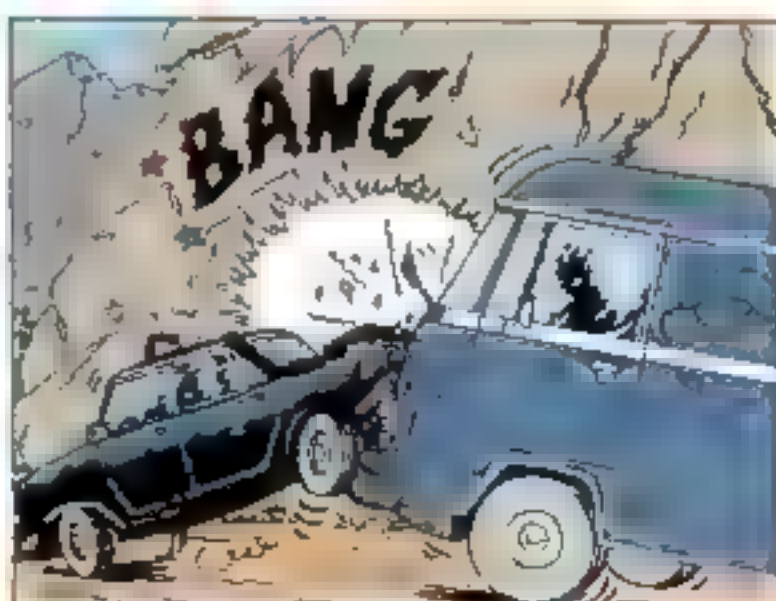
That's dangerous! Reversing in  
a place like this!



LOOK OUT!



BANG!







Get going! We've botched it!



Those people must be absolutely daft!

WOAH  
WOAH



I say, look at this!



Don't touch it! There'll  
probably be fingerprints

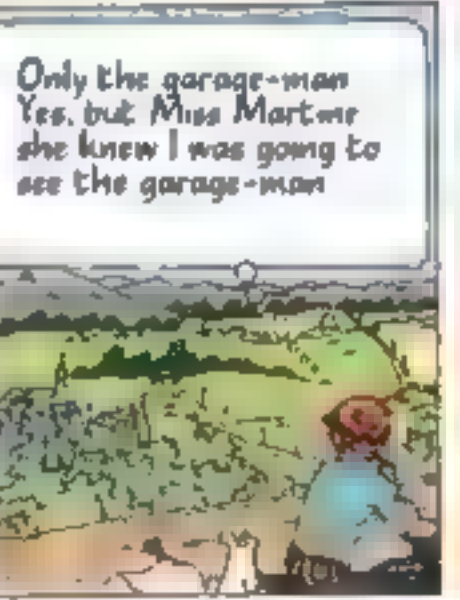


I'm taking this  
to the police  
But first of all,  
I'm going after  
them.

In this state  
they're in they  
won't get far.



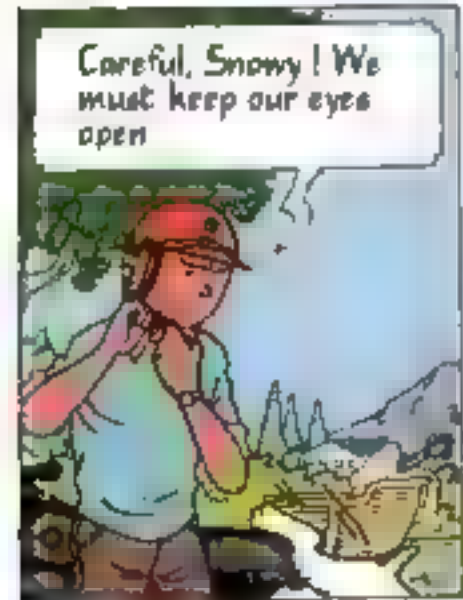
This time there's no mistake  
They tried to kill me. But how  
did they know they'd find me  
here?



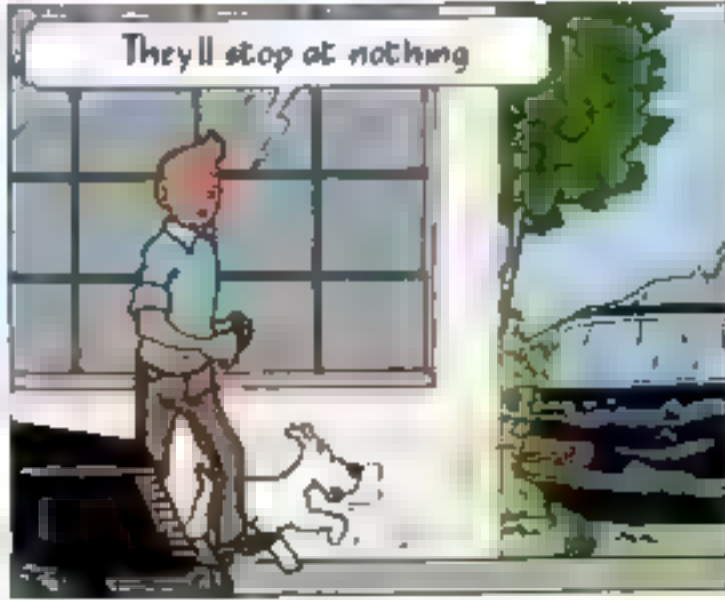
Only the garage-man  
Yes, but Miss Martine  
she knew I was going to  
see the garage-man



Stop! There's their car!



Careful, Snowy! We  
must keep our eyes  
open

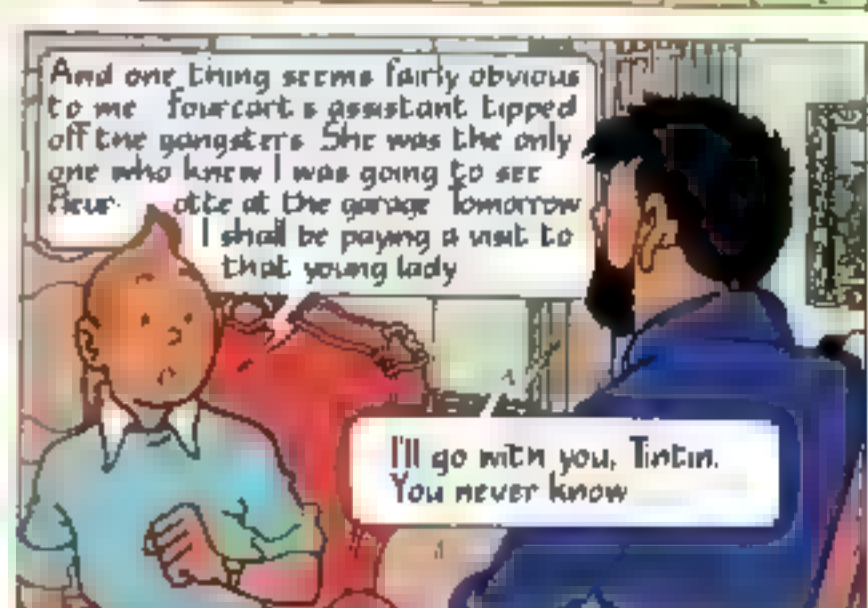
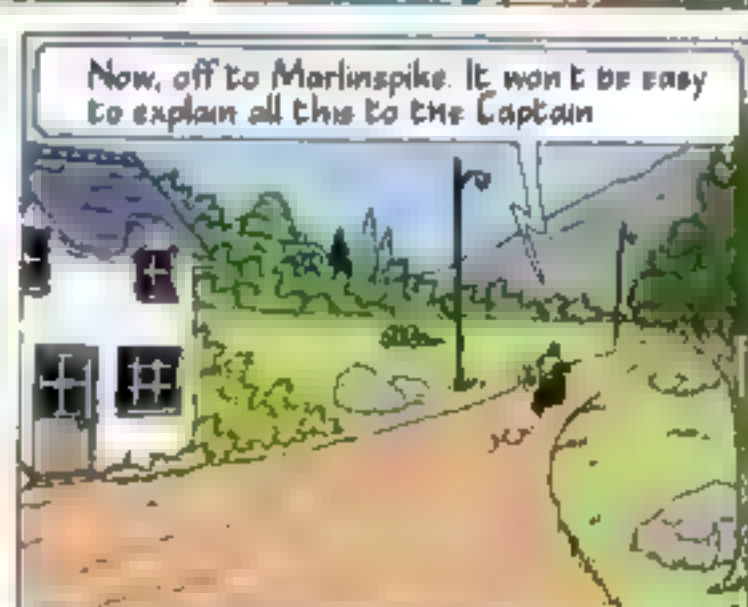
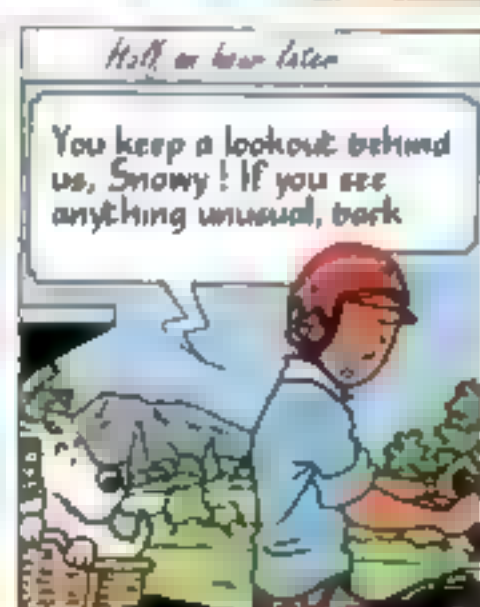


They'll stop at nothing



TACATACATAC TACAO







The next morning ..

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.  
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,  
Miss Martine

You see I am more and more  
convinced that Mr Fourcart's  
death was not an accident

Mr Tintin, you  
really believe?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that  
yesterday, someone tried to kill  
me too

What did you say?  
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,  
one single person knew that I  
was going to see Fleurotte at  
the garage

Oh, yes ... And you know  
who that person is?

Absolutely. Miss Vandezande.  
And that  
person is

YOU!

Me?

Yes, you! Who did you tell  
I was going to Lignault?

But ... but I told no one.  
I swear to you!

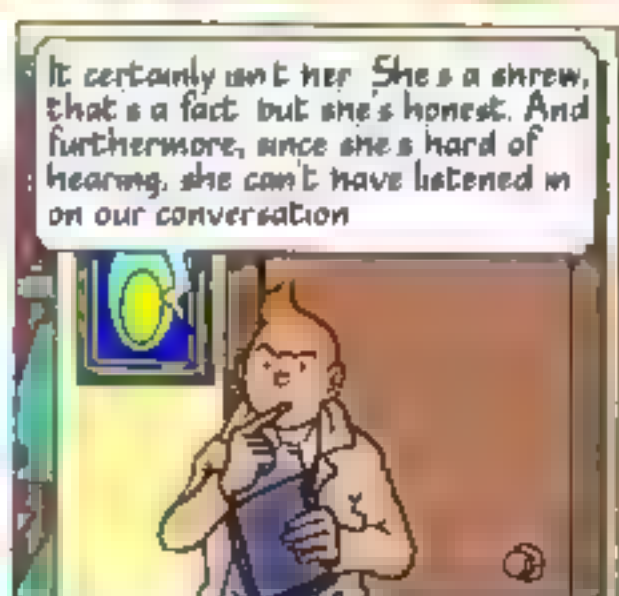
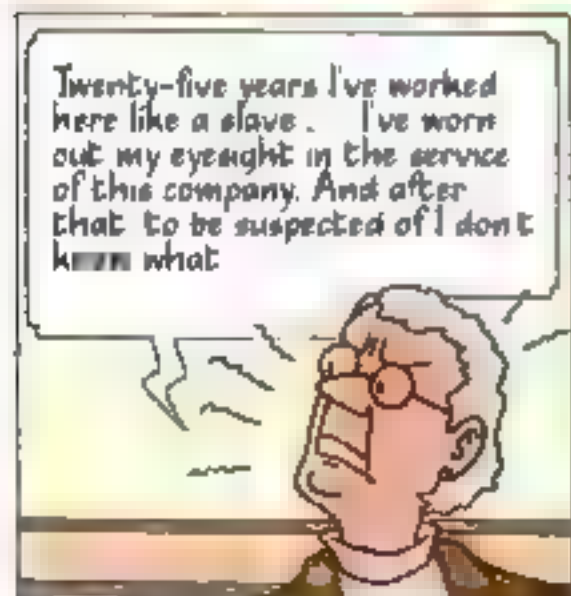
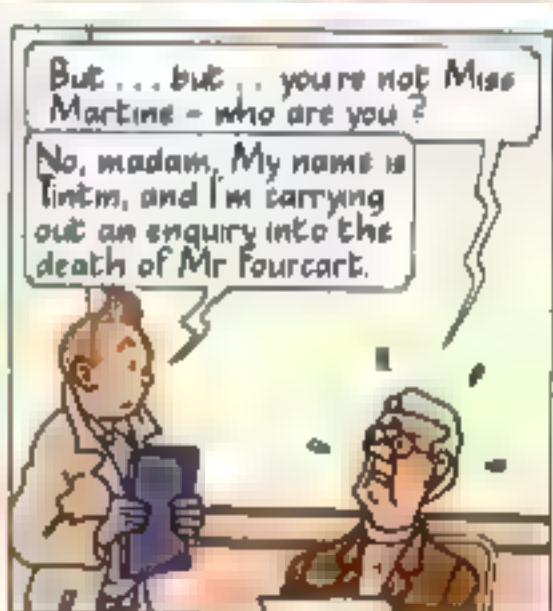
Yes?

It's dreadful! ... You dare to  
suspect me ... Me who ... Me  
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

She seems sincere, this girl.  
But who, then? Who?  
I wonder Who?  
Wait Unless

Oh, it's obvious why didn't  
we think of it before?







There, there ! Dont cry any more !  
I've thought of something. What if  
there are microphones hidden some  
where in the office ? Bugs which  
record all conversations ?

But why ?  
Whatever for ?

I don't know any more  
than you, but we'll look  
all the same

Young Sherlock Holmes is  
taking his time

Half an hour later

FOURCAR

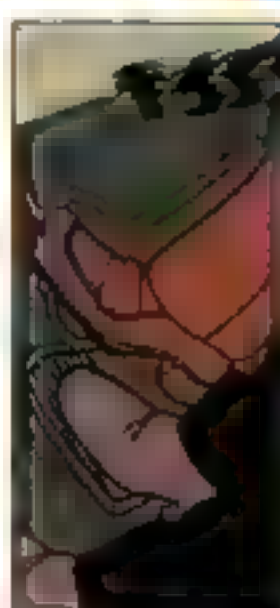
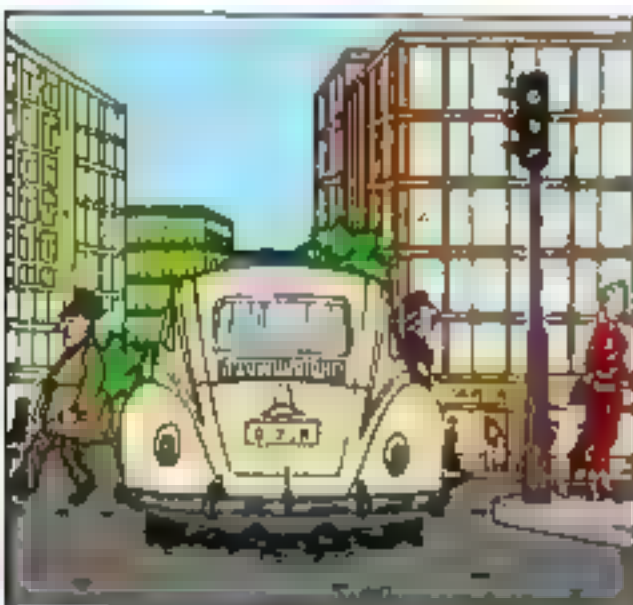
An, there he is

Well ?

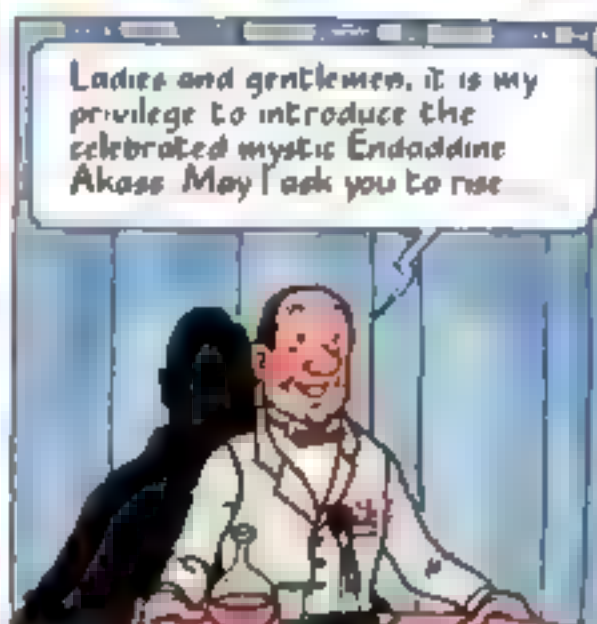
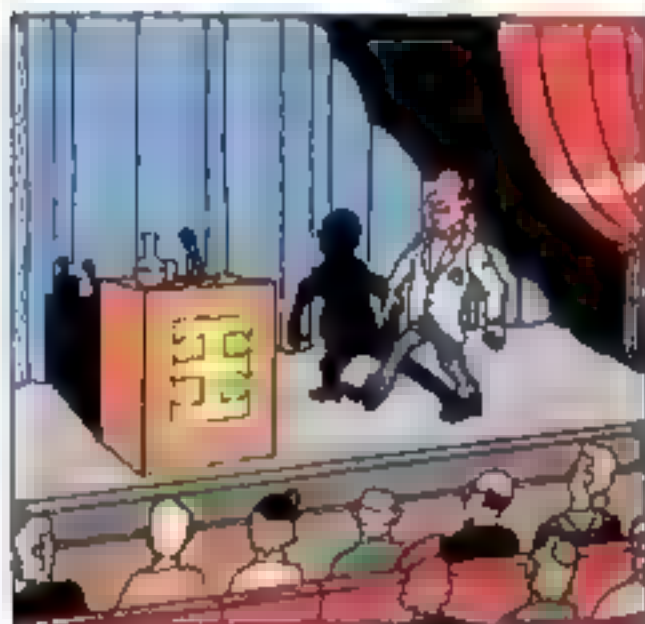
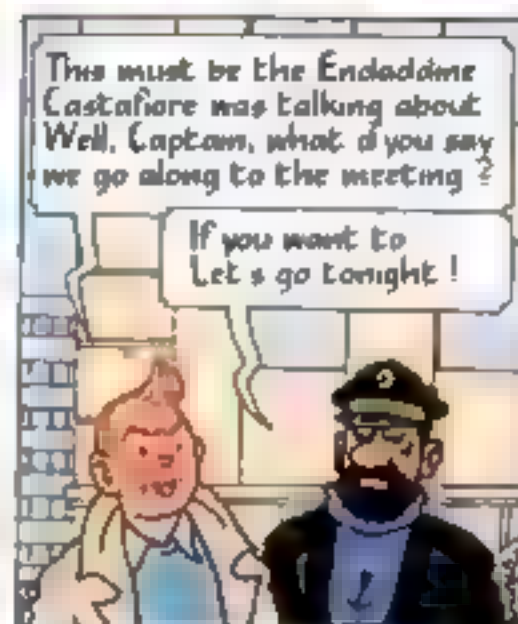
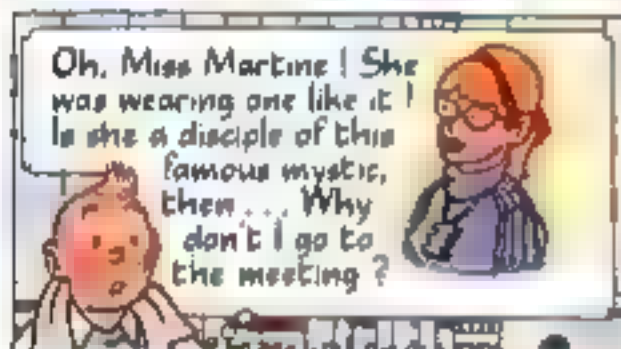
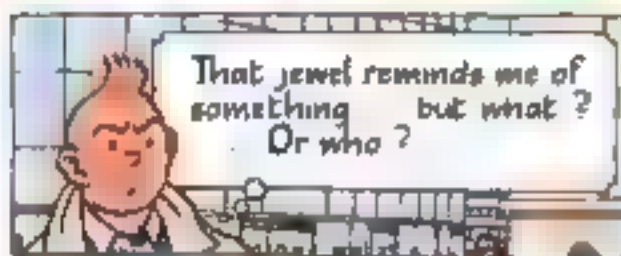
Nothing ! I dont  
understand it at all

Good. We'll go home

Aright







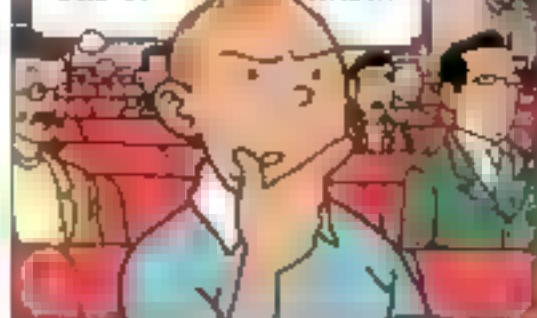


I sense a hostile presence, a sceptical spirit which disturbs the atmosphere. My dear brothers, my dear sisters, I'm going to ask you to say together



with me, the sacred syllable, after which your power

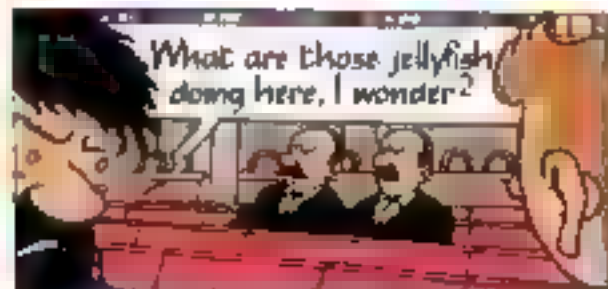
That voice some of his intonations remind me of but of whom?



Don't turn around at once, but to your right, and a little behind you



What are those jellyfish doing here, I wonder?



And there... someone else we know... You see there is Mr Sakharine (1)



And the session begins

I now call upon the benediction of the Great Universal Conscience



CHOO?



Er... As I said, I will call the power to come down upon us



POOT!



Sniff! Sniff! That's better!

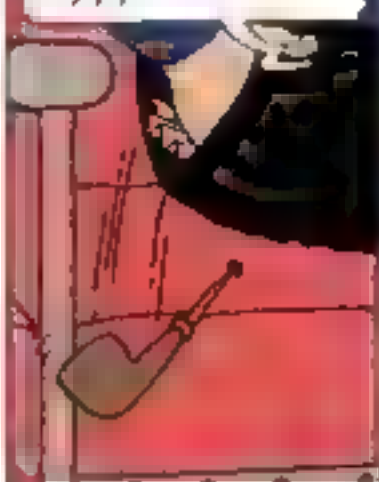


You know how it is when you just have to blow your nose?

Yes yes, Captain now please be quiet



Thundering typhoons! My pipe!



Have you seen my pipe?

Yes, unfortunately! I just saw it pass. It rolled under the seats in front



Excuse me, I'm just going to find my pipe



(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



That's enough, Captain!  
You've drawn enough  
attention to yourself now  
just sit down!



Excuse me, if anyone  
finds a pipe under  
their seat could they  
please return it to this  
gentleman at the end  
of the seminar



Blistering barn-  
acles! Do you find  
it funny to pub-  
lically humiliate  
me?

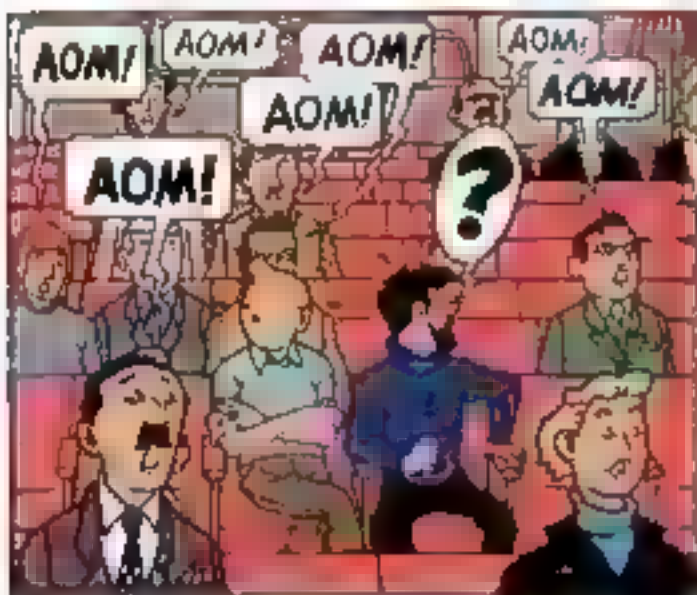


A little later

**AOM!**



**AOM!** **AOM!** **AOM!** **AOM!**  
**AOM!**



It's a bit like the Marlins-  
pike village band. You know  
Po-pom, Po-pom  
**PO-PO-POOOM!**

Ssh! Ssh!



Anem

**AOM! AOM!**  
**AOM!**



Now I am filled with the all the powers  
of the Universe. I am going to pass  
them to you and magnetise you one  
by one. Draw near, my brothers, draw  
near, my sisters! All the energy  
in the world is in me, I feel  
it.



Let's go... ah I see that  
someone has found your  
pipe, Captain.



Go in peace, my son!  
None may stand against you!

That voice.



The mystic certainly has charisma!  
And as well as Mr Sakharine,  
there's Madame Yamilan and  
Ragdalam the fakir (1)!



Go in peace, my sister

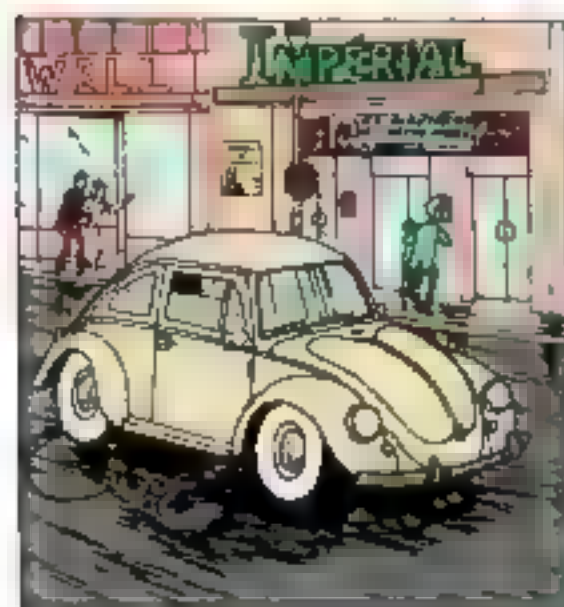
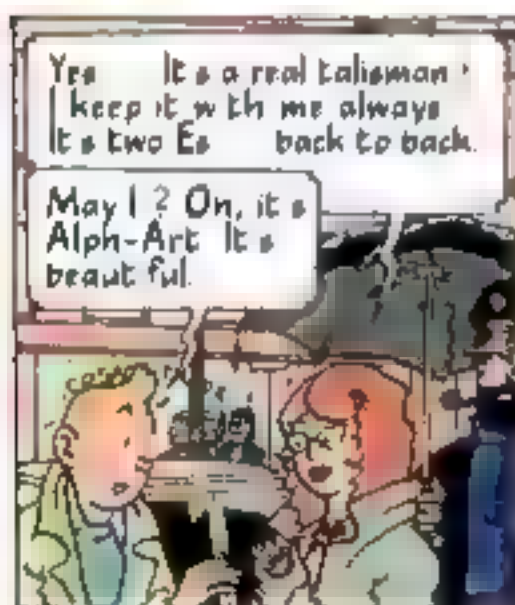
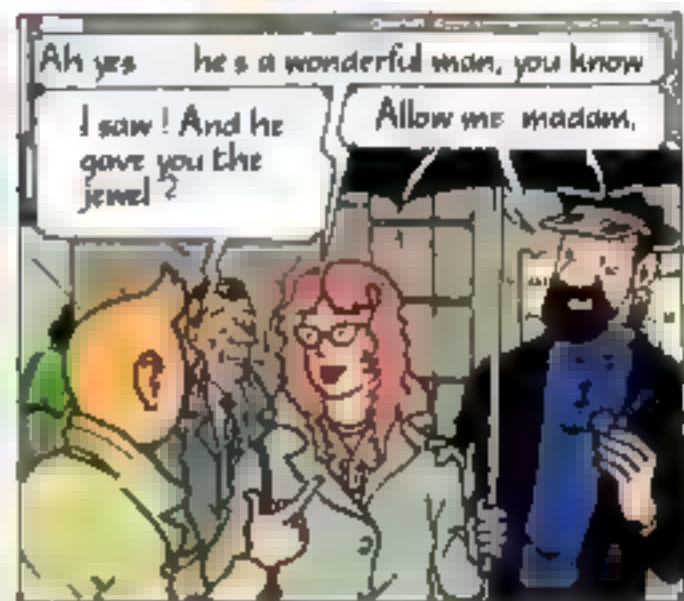
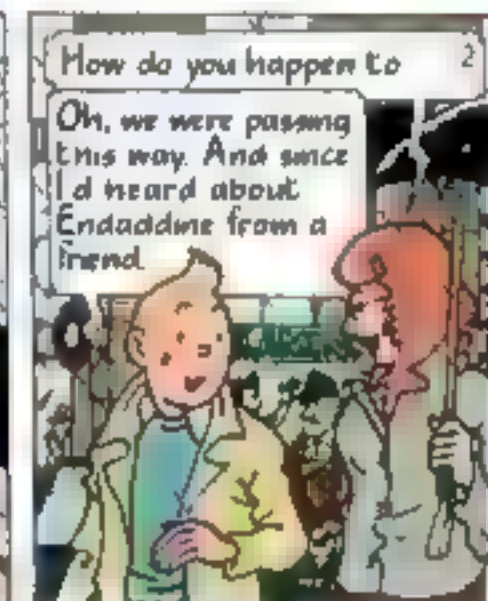
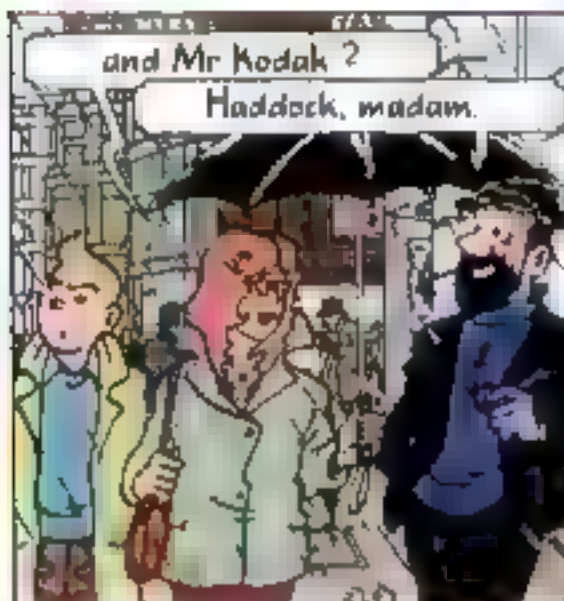


Oh, look! Miss Martine poor  
Mr Fourcart's assistant

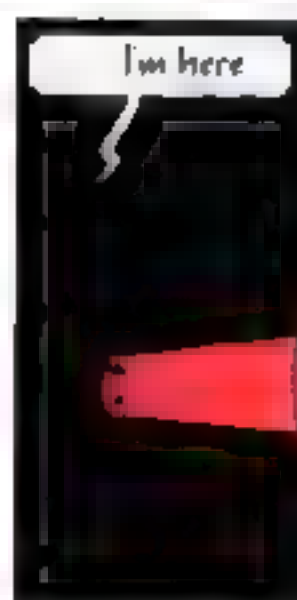
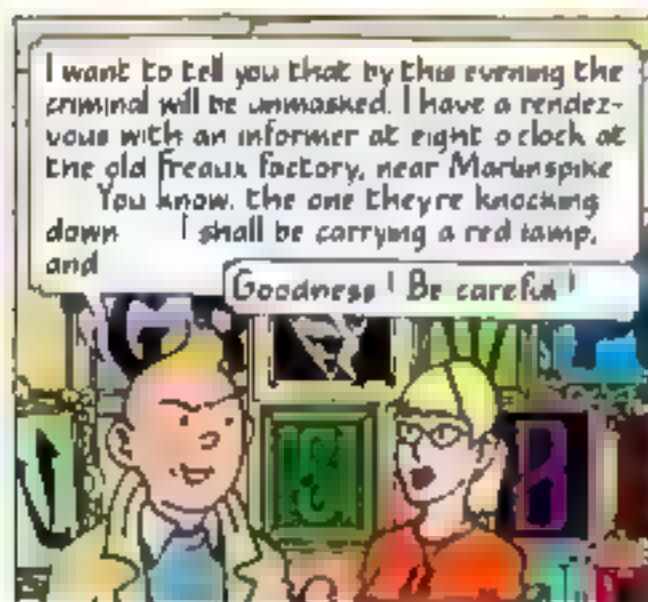
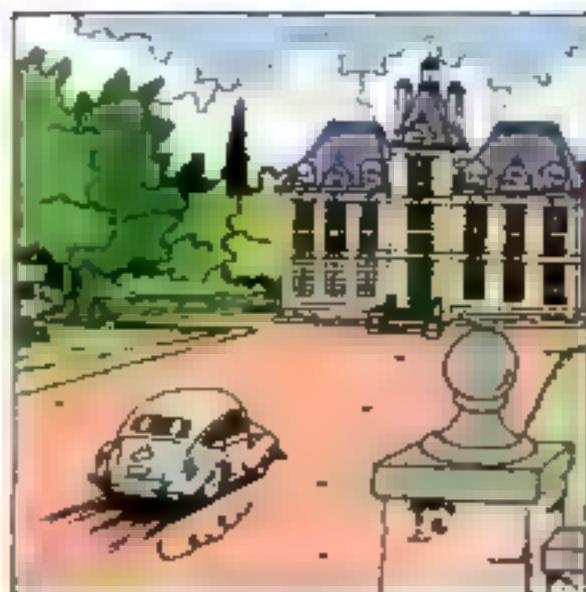


(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls

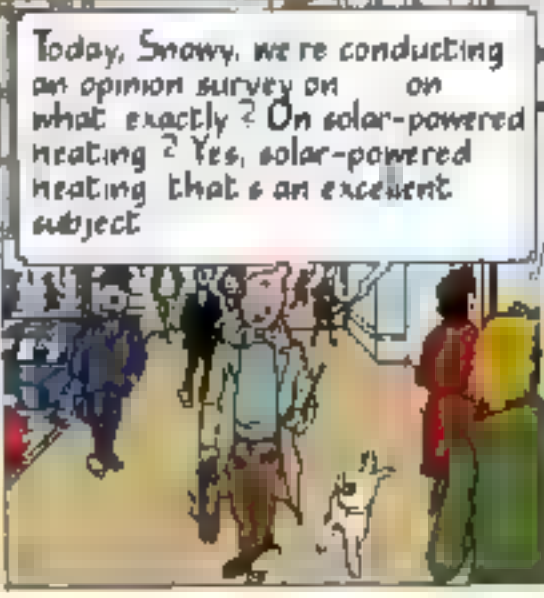
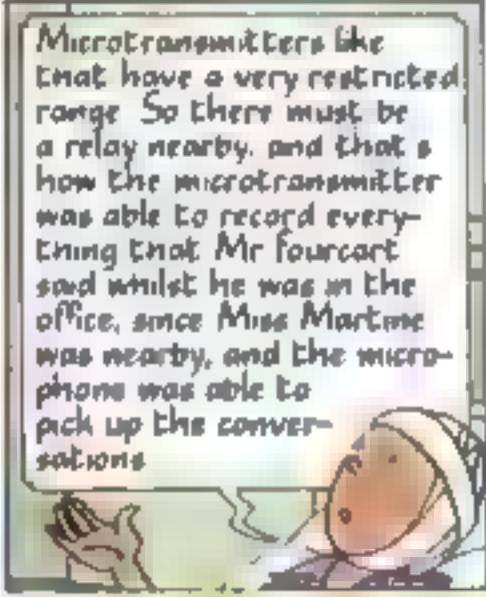
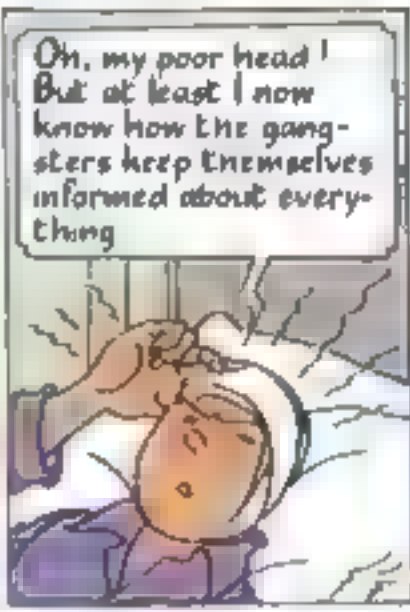
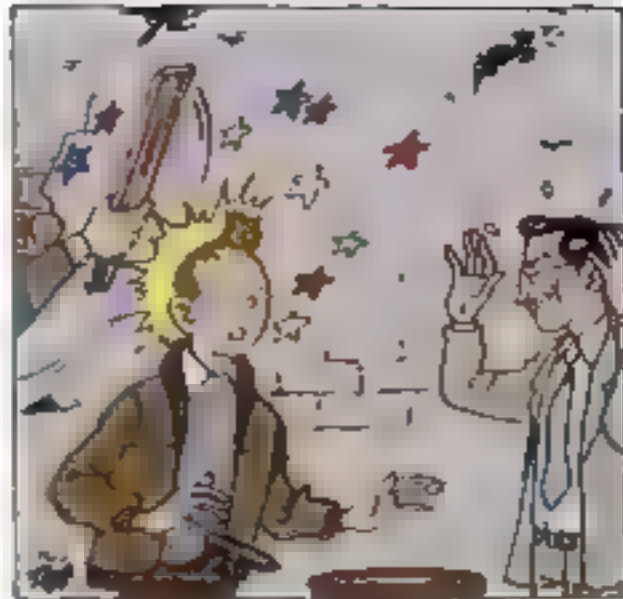














We'll start with the other tenants



**RING**

Mrs Toot



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there I think



*A little later ..*

Now for the next flat, patience, Snowy!



**RRIING**

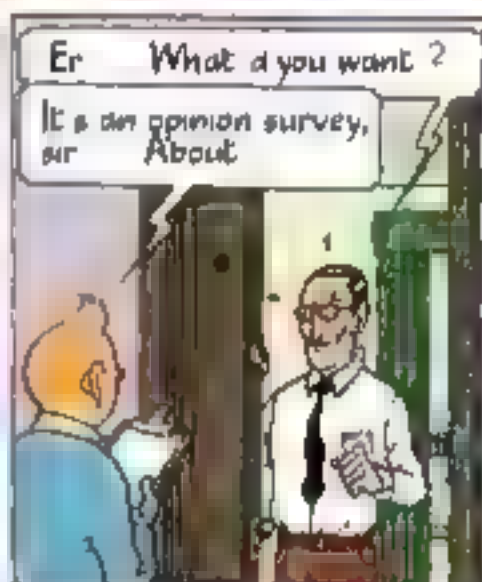
No dogs  
in the flat

No salesman  
or charity  
collectors



Er What do you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir  
About



I don't have an opinion.  
Not on anything!  
Now leave me alone!



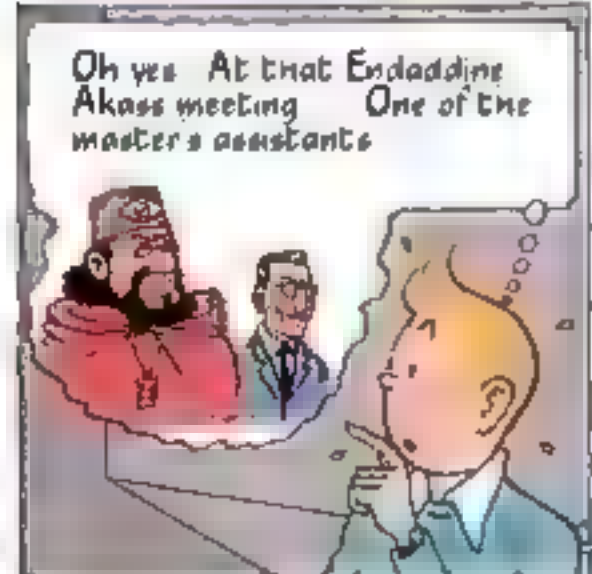
**BLAM**



Where have I seen him  
before?



Oh yes At that Endaddine  
Akass meeting One of the  
master's assistants



I wonder if he recognised me  
In any case, there must be a  
connection between Endaddine,  
the microphone



He certainly suspects something  
He came knocking on my door on the  
pretext of some opinion survey  
understand We'll take care of  
him Yes properly this time



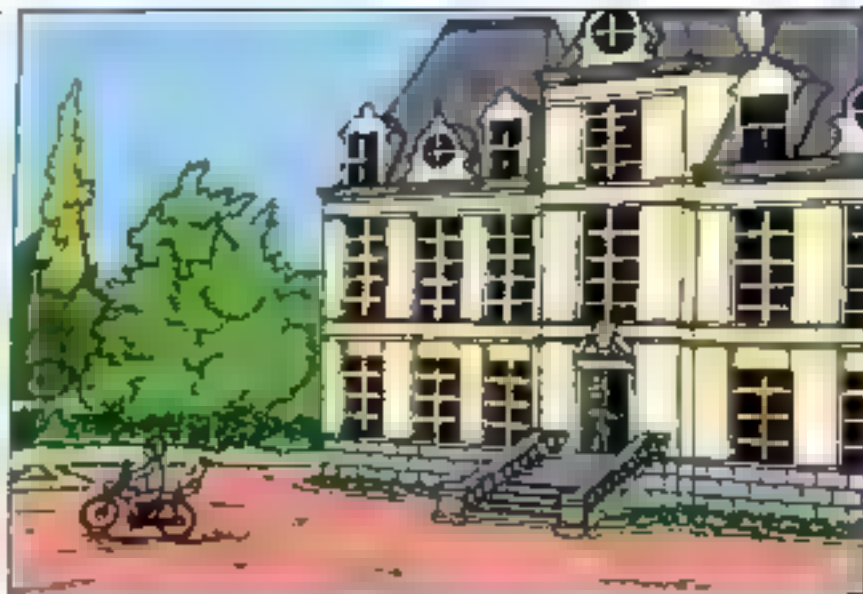
TO BE CONTINUED



The next morning

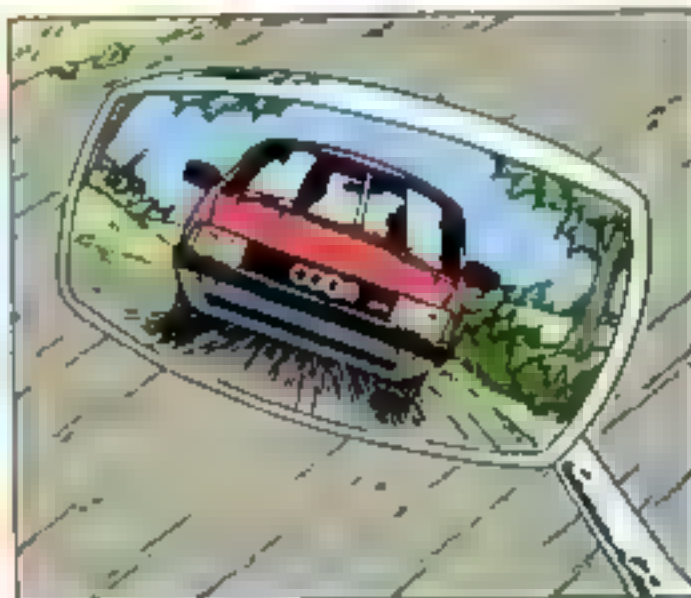
Take care! You never know,  
with these sort of people

Don't worry, I'm  
only going into  
the village



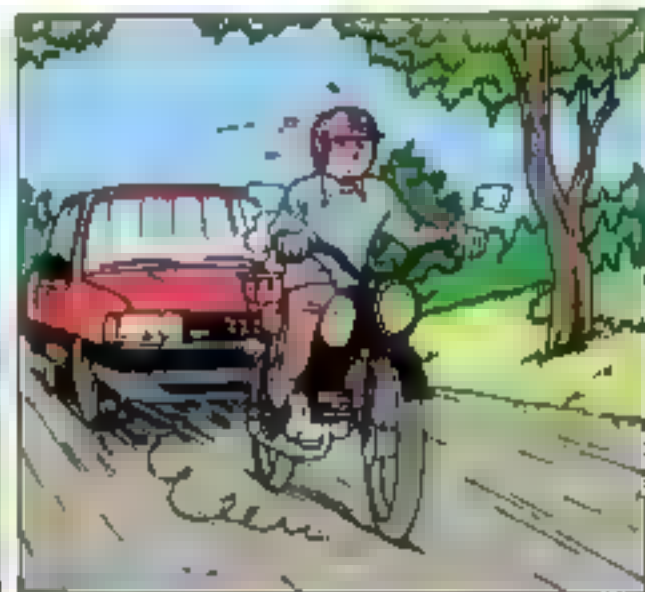
There he is!  
Let's go!

GRRRRR  
WOOAH!



!

They're going to catch me!



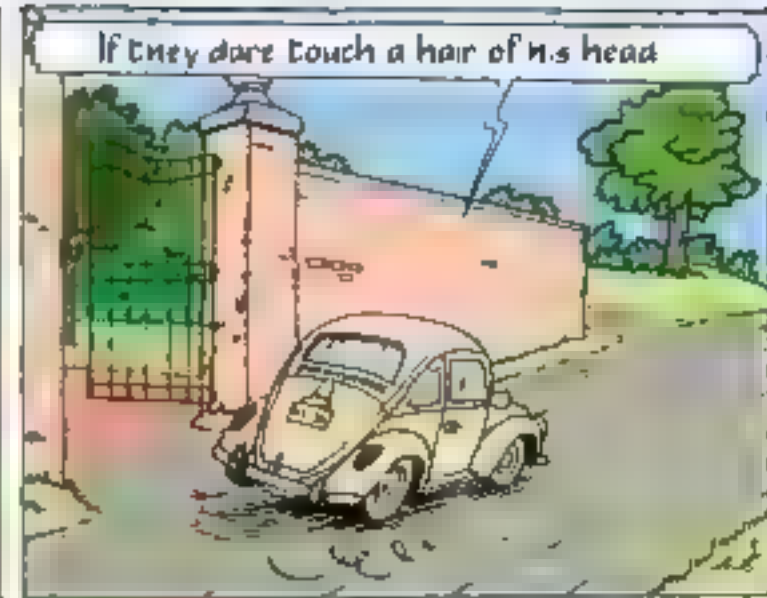
This time, I'll finish  
the job!

My poor Tintin this could well  
be the end!

BANG BANG  
SKRRRR!!!  
CRASH!



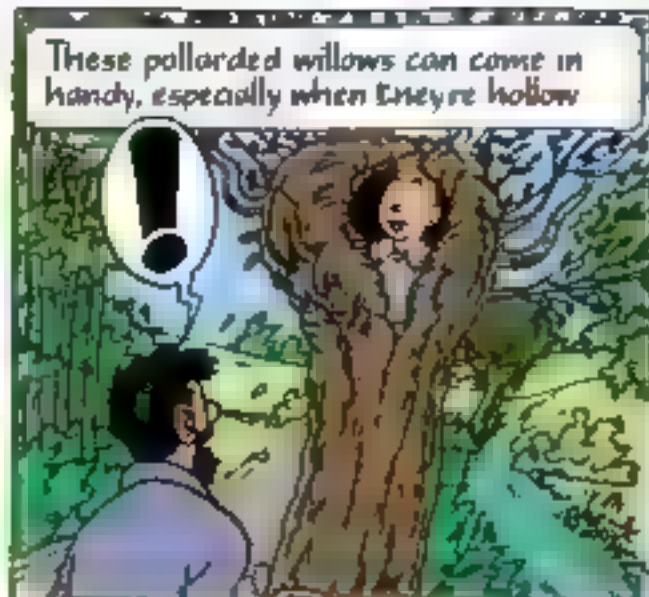








Is that you, Captain?



These pollarded willows can come in handy, especially when they're hollow



Someone shot at you... again?

Yes, it's becoming a habit... and this time they almost succeeded!

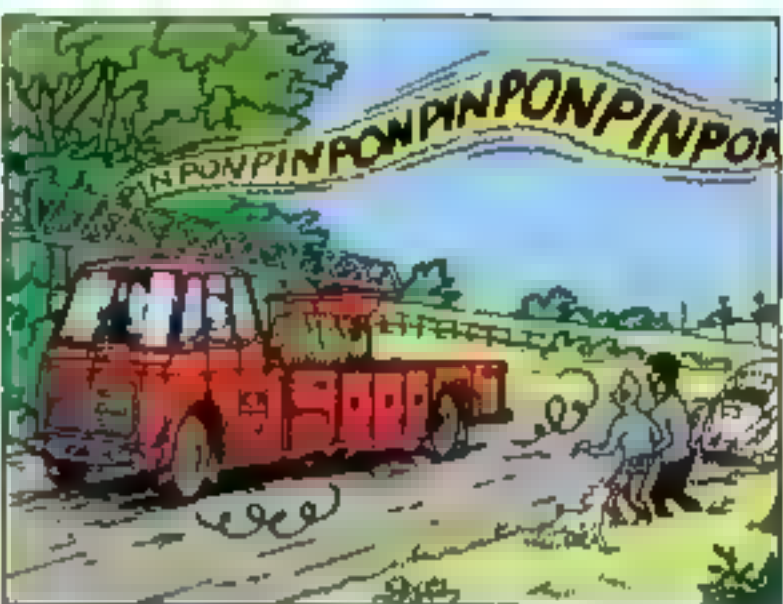


And one day they will!



Oh! The fire brigade!

Snowy! Here!



And Gsh! Listen!



They're going to the Hall!



Quick, where is the fire?

There's a fire?



What do you mean? Someone called us to report a fire here



Ah, there's the professor, maybe he can explain



Ah, there you are, Captain! Where is the fire?

But I don't know!



I sent for you. I called you as soon as I heard we had a fire. You see, the Captain told me so



But who's trying to get rid of you?  
And why?

That's what I'm  
wondering, too



To my mind, it all revolves around  
that Endadine Akass. He planted  
that jewel-microphone-transmitter  
on Miss Martine. What for, if it  
wasn't to spy on Fourcart?

But it was you that  
definitely told me we had  
a fire!



We must find out more  
about this mystic

Yes, but where  
can we find the  
overdressed  
windbag?



Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned  
last week, she told me that she  
was going to spend a few days with  
him, on Ischia

Where's Ischia?

It's an island  
just off Naples



I've got it



The next day, at dawn



10.30am, at Naples airport



This is sheer, deliberate,  
unqualified masochism.  
To come 2000  
kilometres by air



and another two hours by sea!



All to find Castafiore!  
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!



Here we are



?





Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed. Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please... we need a little information... Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr. Endadine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you so Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want.

*A little later*

There - that must be it.

Hmm, I can't see anything.

Handy to take a dip from...

We'll have to climb higher.

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

Thundering

?



Ramo Nash<sup>1</sup>

Ramo Nash<sup>2</sup>



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought

Oh yes



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!

*Back at the hotel.*

Right here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight to compare ideas... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you



Goodnight, lad

Night Captain, until later



What a marvellous view!



The Captain. I expect Has he thought up a plan already?



Hello Yes Yes, it is



Listen carefully There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But



Crumbs!



I'd better discuss this with the Captain



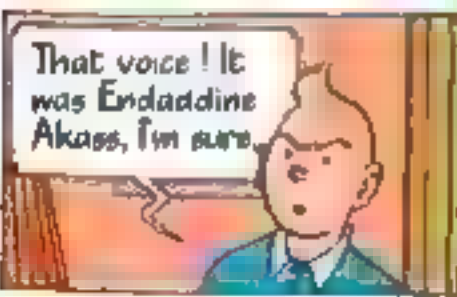
**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



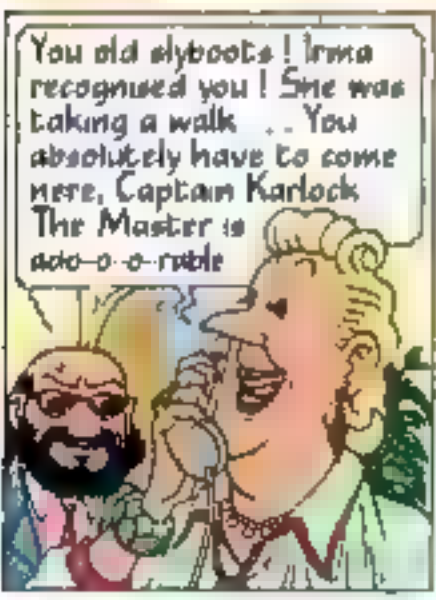
No answer and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?



That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure















(1) See The Blue Lotus  
(2) See The Broken Ear







TU-WHOOO



?

Oh! It's only a night owl!



SLAM

But that's a door slamming



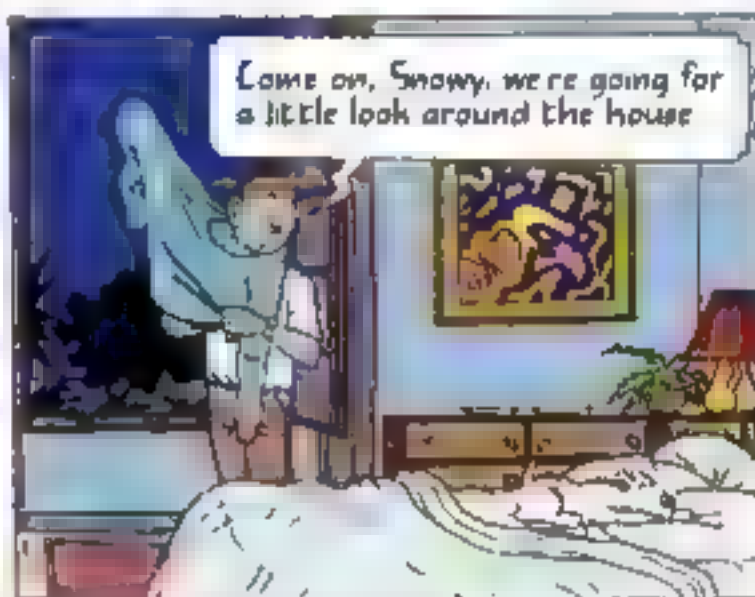
And there's a truck down there, and some men



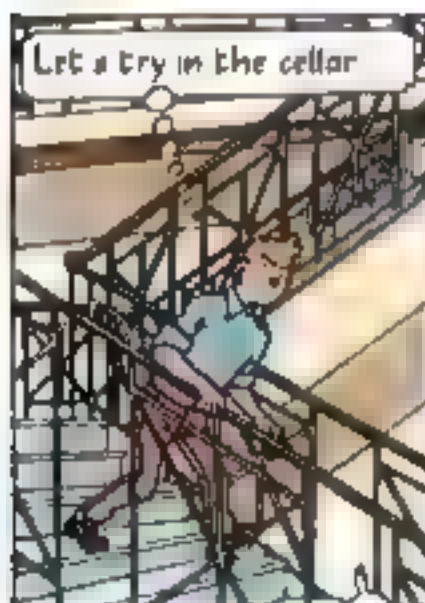
It looks like they're loading pictures or canvasses. But why do it in the dead of night?



Come on, Snowy, we're going for a little look around the house



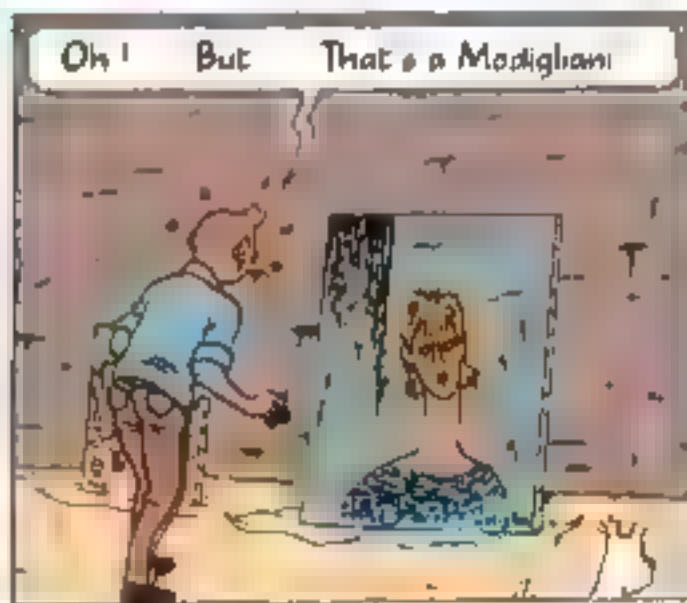
Let's try in the cellar



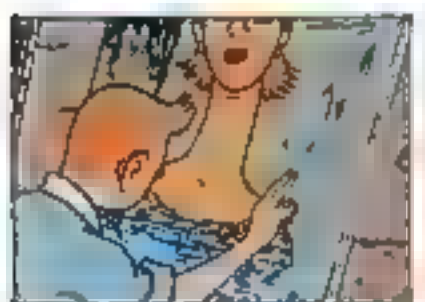
Ah, here it is



Oh! But That's a Modigliani



And here's a Leger... a Renoir... a Picasso



a Gauguin... a Manet... A veritable factory for faking pictures, and perfect imitations, too! I wonder who



Beautiful, aren't they?



It's still wet



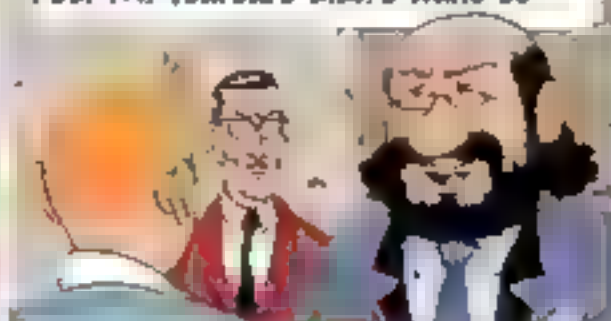


Er Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him

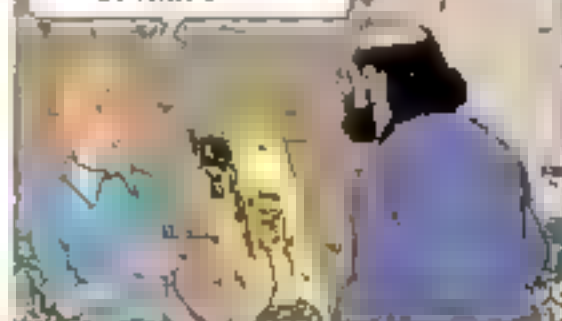


It's our dear Ramo Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to

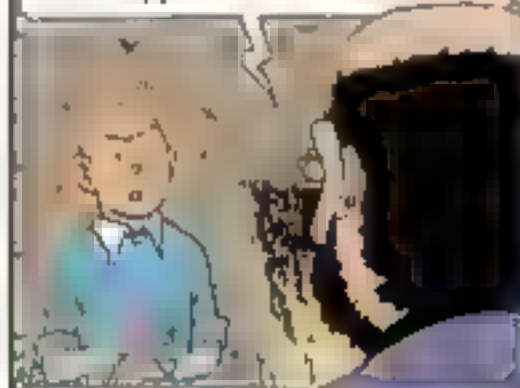


Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monaster, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!



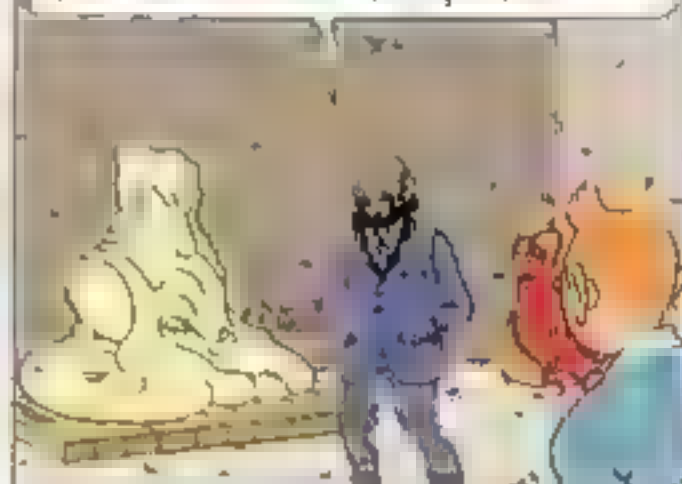
I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know Cesar?



Ah, Cesar, the sculptor the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see



And this is one of his 'Expansions'



Well my friend we're going to pour liquid polyester over you - you'll become an expansion signed by Cesar and then authenticated by a well-known expert



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector. You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled



constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up



Come on, move! Where's Snowy?





How am I going to get myself out of this one?



If I move those crates and oil drums, then perhaps



Come on! Come on!  
No, it's no good - these bars are stronger than they look... What now?



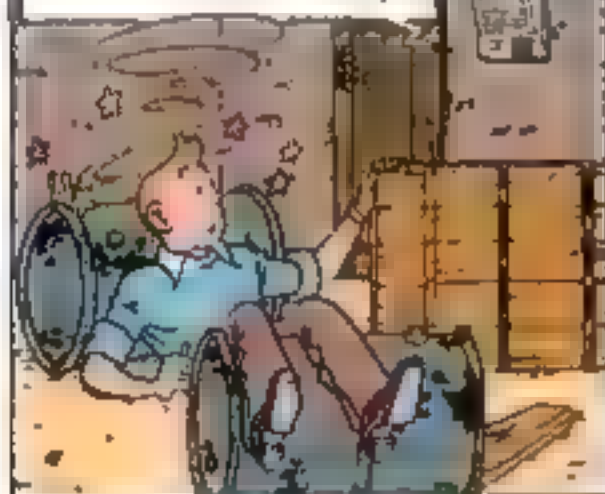
**HELP!  
HELP!  
RESCUE!**



**YOU THERE!**



No use shouting, my young turkey-cock. No one can hear you.



**SCRATCH  
SCRATCH**



**SNOWY!**

**WOOAH!**

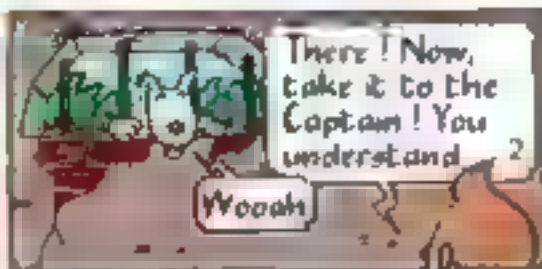


Snowy, ssh! Wait, I'll give you a message to give to the Captain.



There! Now, take it to the Captain! You understand?

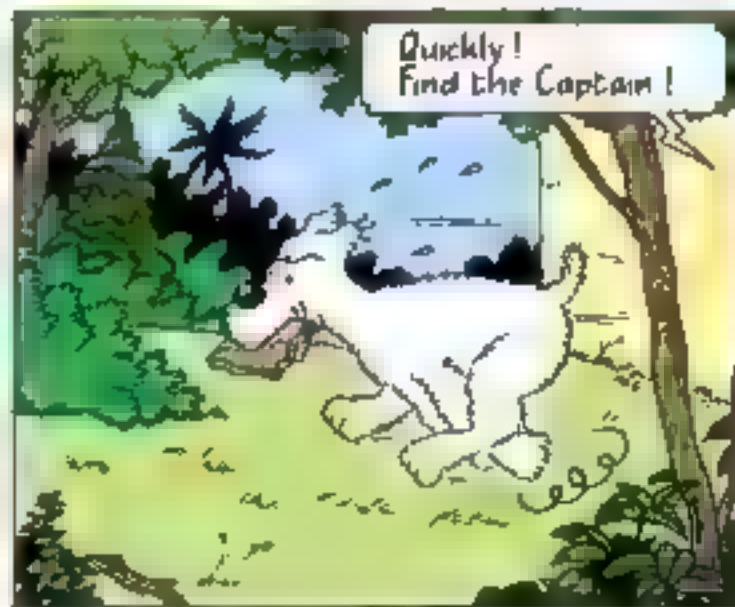
Wooah



Great! Now go!



Quickly! Find the Captain!

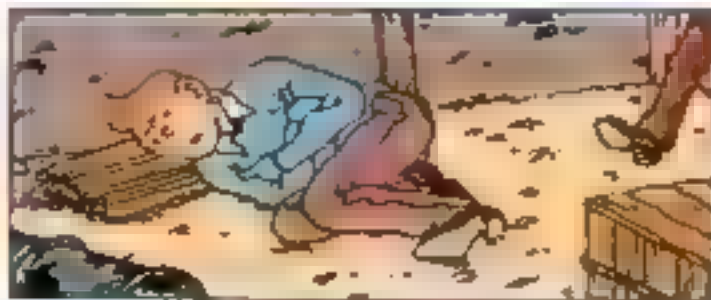




Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a César



It's in there after you, my friend



Good morning, my dear Tintin. Allow me to show you your last resting place



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. Three flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time. This leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polystyrene over this and sign it 'César'



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing

Must play for time



But ... Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash? After all, it'll be his piece of art. I'll be imprisoned in



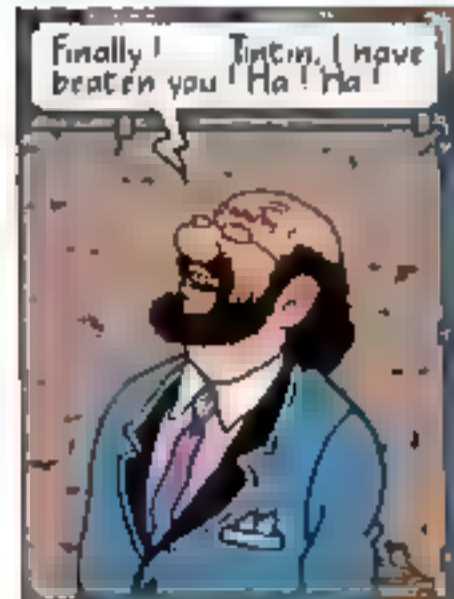
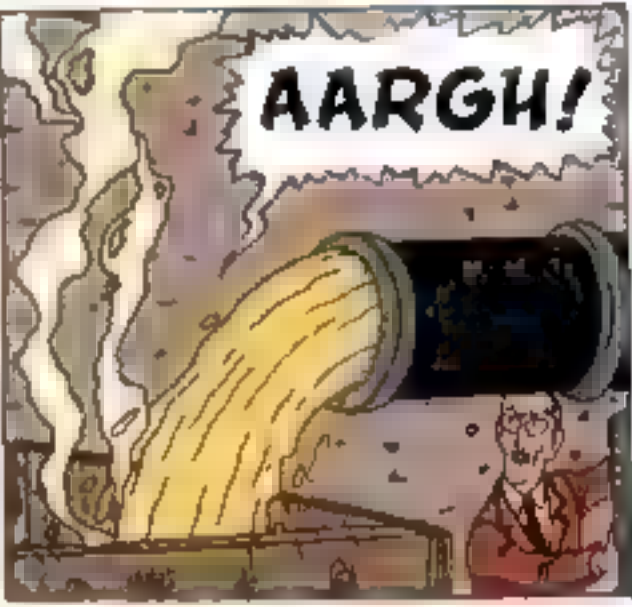
Oh no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods. Ha! Ha! Ha!



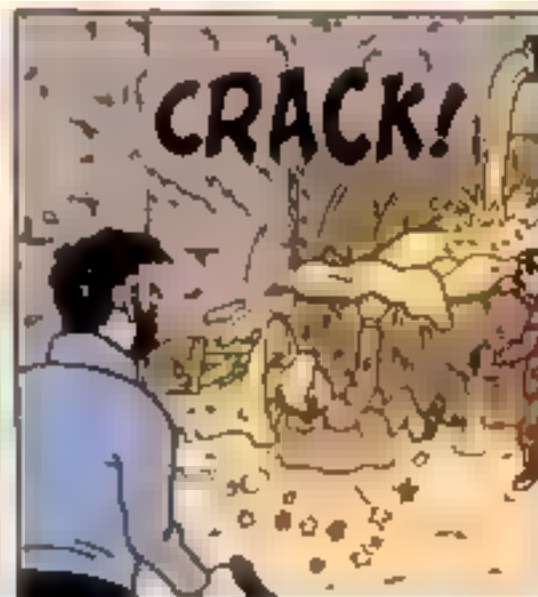
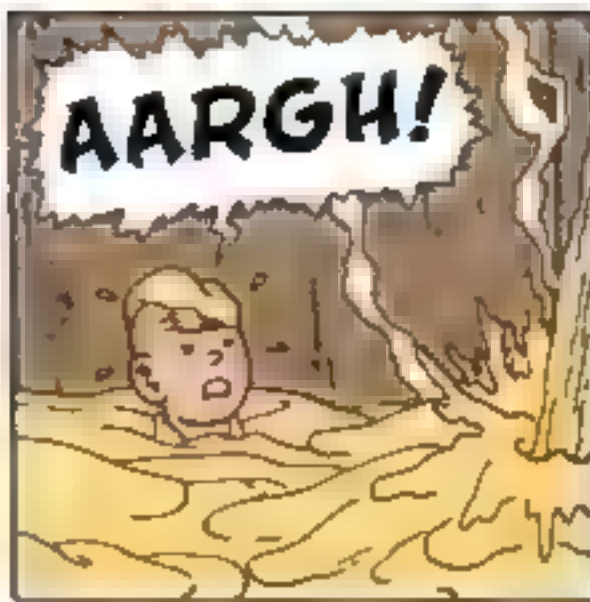
Now the formalities are over with. Get in! Let's go



















I heard gunshots!



It is nothing  
Excellency Some thieves  
we surprised, and



Oh how amusing! You must call Tintin, the  
young reporter who we invited yesterday.  
This would certainly interest him!

That's true



Impossible! He's the thief! Him  
and that bearded sailor!

No!

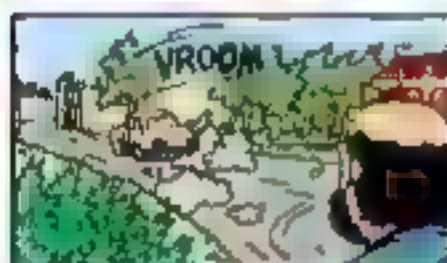


What? That's impossible!  
Captain Paddock would never  
do something like that! He  
owns a country house!

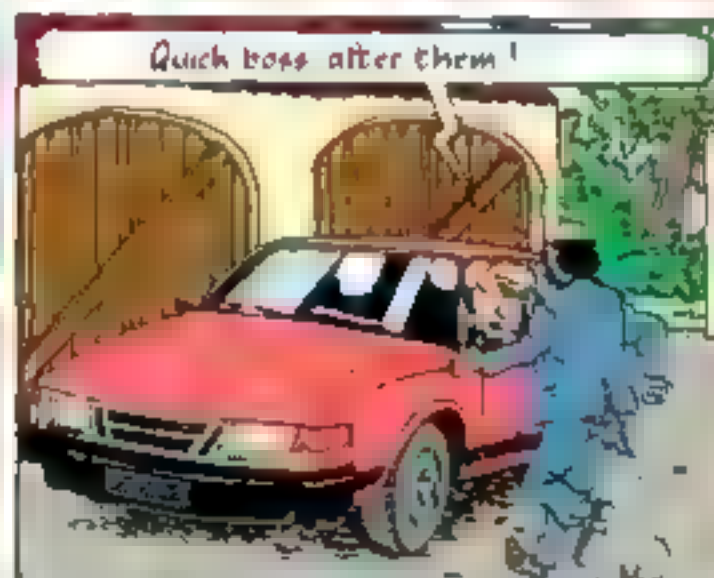


And Tintin could never be suspected either!

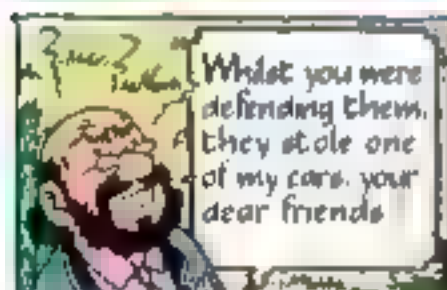
That's true



VROOM!



Quick boss, after them!



What? You were  
defending them,  
they stole one  
of my cars, your  
dear friends



What's going on?

It's an imagination

Impossible!



The Master accused our friends  
Tintin and Captain Hammock of  
theft! It's unthinkable



Myself I've known Tintin and the  
Captain for ages and I am certain  
that this is a mistake!



How did I get myself mixed up  
in all of this?





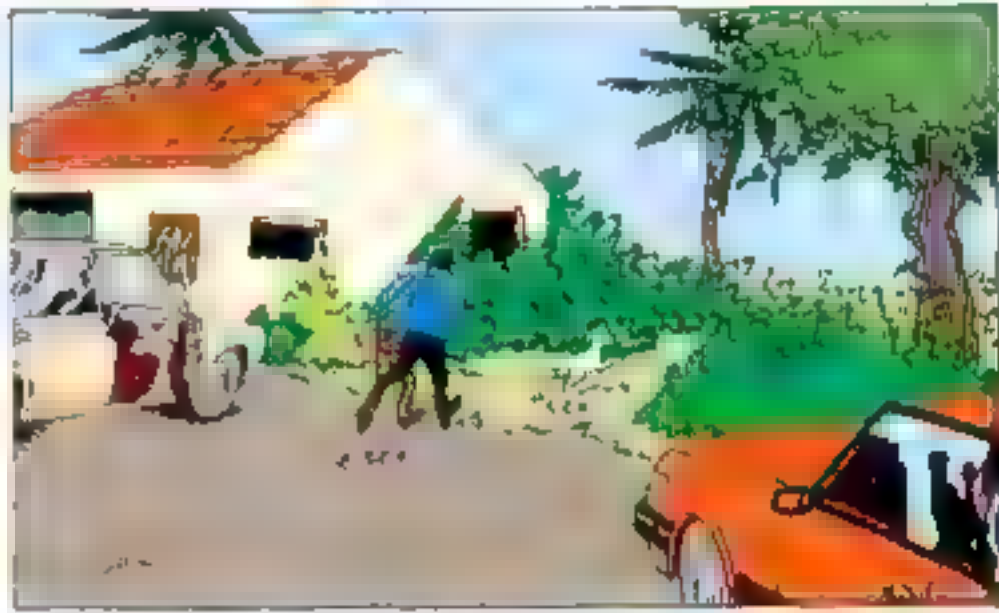
Let's hope this road leads to a town or village so we can get to the police



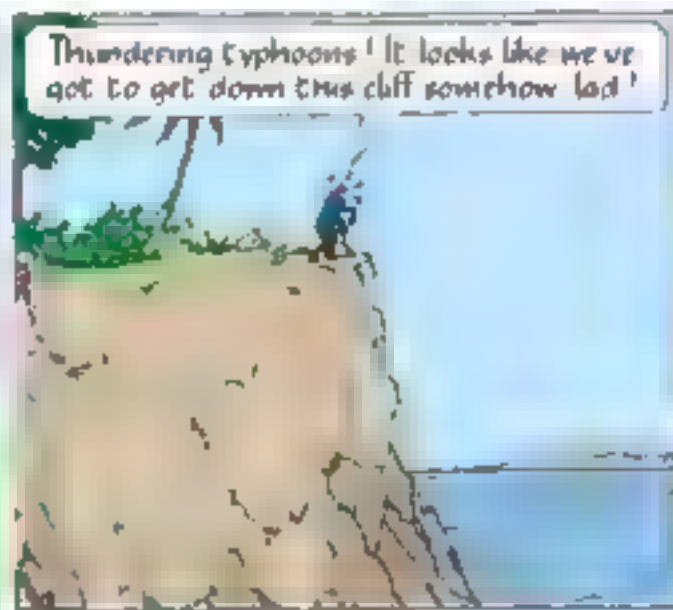
It's a dead end we've got them! Ha! Ha!



Come on! Tintin, make an effort, they're coming



Woah!



Thundering typhoons! It looks like we've got to get down this cliff somehow lad!



Go on ahead Captain I'll stay here for a while

I'll



What? I'm not leaving you here to fall into the clutches of those ectoplasms again Thundering typhoons!



There's no choice Captain I can't get down there but with you free, you can find the police!

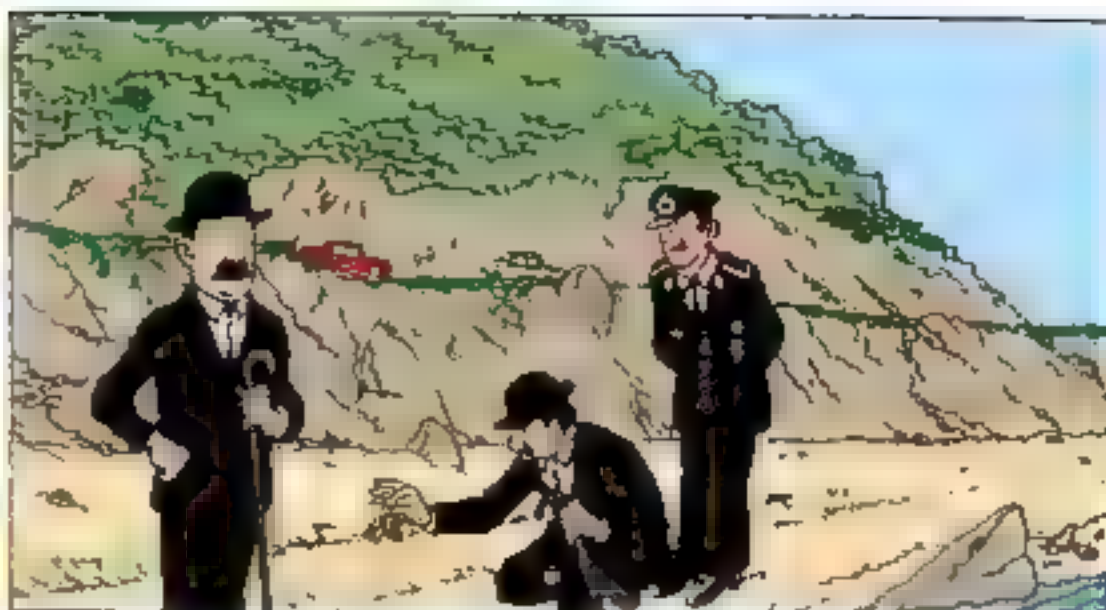
You're right!



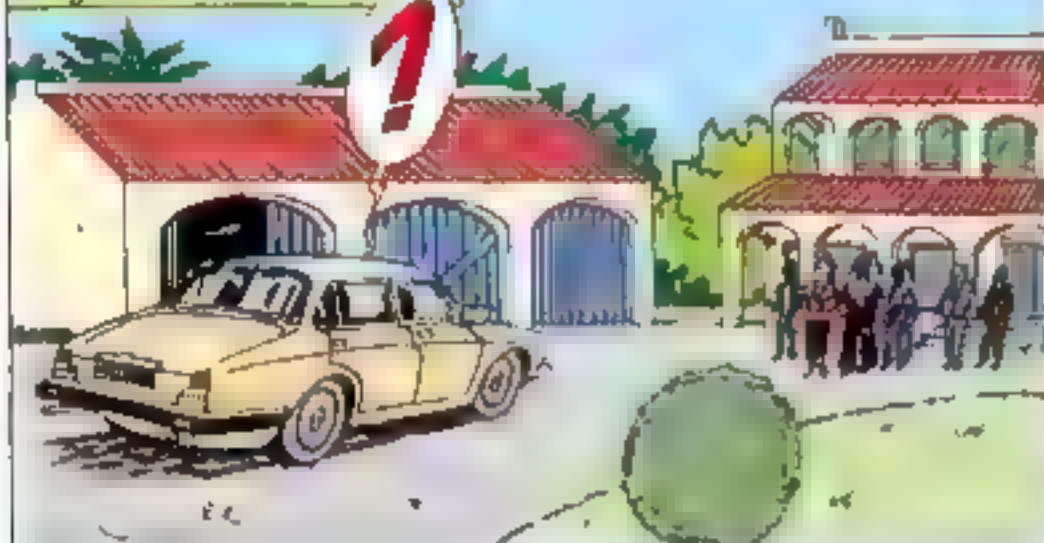
A bit late for that my friends



This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock It's impossible!  
There must be some sort of mistake!



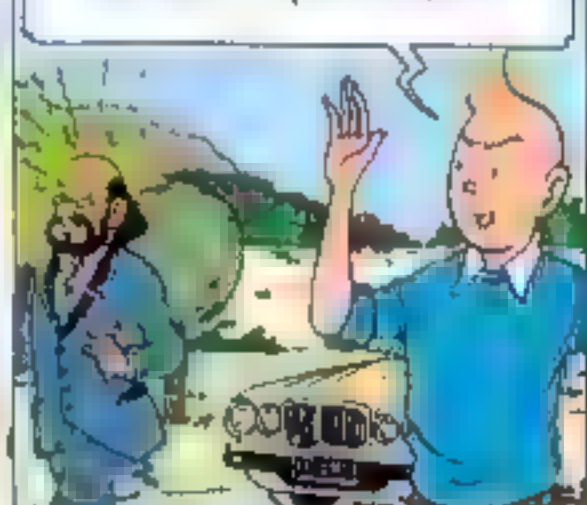
Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!



Have you called the police?  
I was just going to



No one can help us now, eh?



You tell us your version, Tintin whilst we wait.

Sorry but they can't speak until the police arrive. It's a legal technicality you understand?



OK then

Right the police are on their way





Shortly



Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?

Of course



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station



You're going out, Mr Nash ?

Er Yes Just a little shopping in the village What can you do ? Life goes on so they say



Ah, the artists are truly blessed Always about the problems of everyone But our poor friends

Don't worry



The police won't find anything on Lintin and Haddock

May the Madonna protect them



After all these years how nice it is to see Lintin on his way to jail ! Revenge is sweet !

I'll drink to that



Blistering Barnacles in jail ?

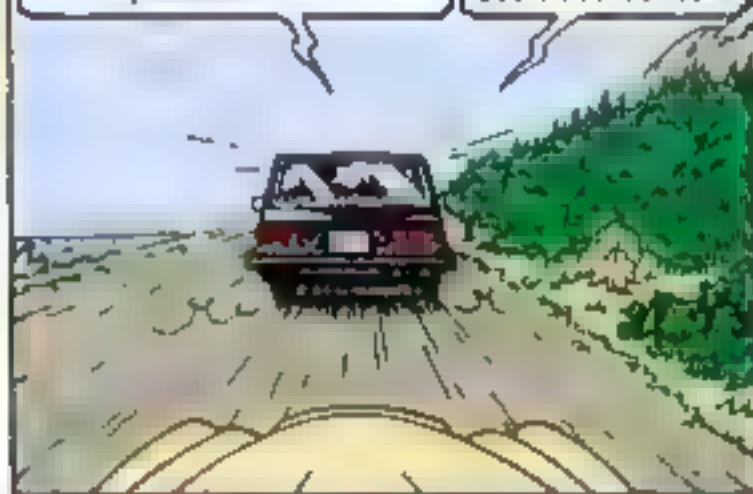


And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives What a waste !



I'll bet that you're not real police officers !

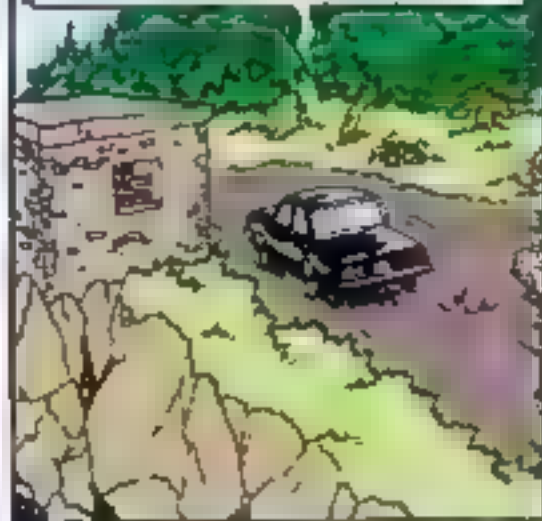
Oh no ! We've been demasked



Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live



Here we are everybody out





As you see my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



Well gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



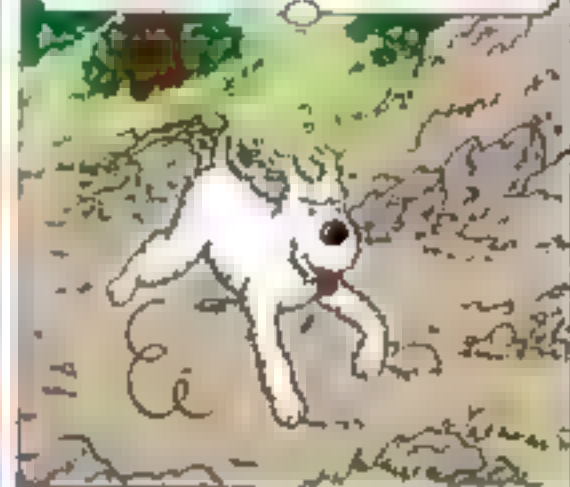
If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence.



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

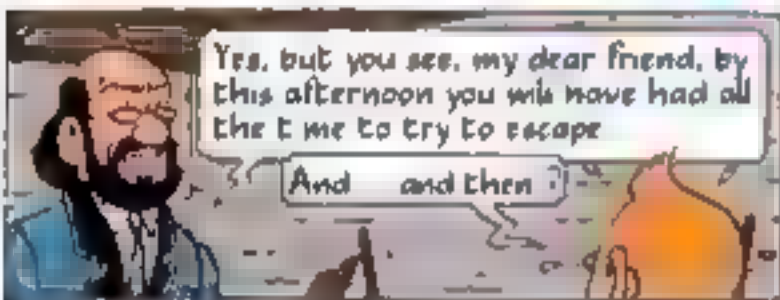


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin.



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape.

And... and then?



Hewo, yes? ... What? A death? Two deaths! ... OK, go on.



Tintin and Haddock.

**TINTIN?!**



Quick! Where's he?

Where? OK, I've got it. We're coming.



You seem to have won Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue.



**NO!...**





**RASTAPOPOULOS!**

Ha! Ha!

But! But? It's impossible!  
I saw you go down with your launch  
in the Red Sea (1) You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!  
But you know, we've met since that day,  
although you don't remember

Some years ago I organised the kidnapping of the famous millionaire Laszlo Carridas, just before the International Astronautical Congress, to which you were invited as guests of honour (2)

Unfortunately for me, the island we were on was destroyed by a volcano... I managed to escape, but I'm not sure how, since at the time of the eruption, I became amnesic

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica. I was impressed by his talent. It was then that I had the idea of drawing in forged art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories and I became Akass. After recruiting a few men to work for me, the project took off very quickly

And Anan, the freshwater pirate? Is he not with you? Or is he disguised as one of these gorillas?

Allan? That idiot refused to help. He's in the United States now, after some peace and quiet

*Meanwhile, in the United States*

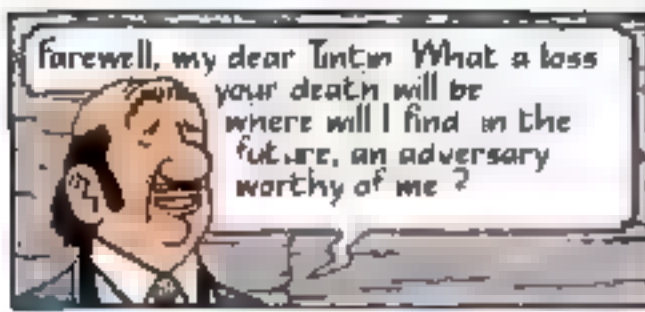
And how did you persuade an artist like Nash to... You ask too many questions, young man

But I'm not a fool, all these questions are just a ruse to gain some time, aren't they? Well, game over, my friend!

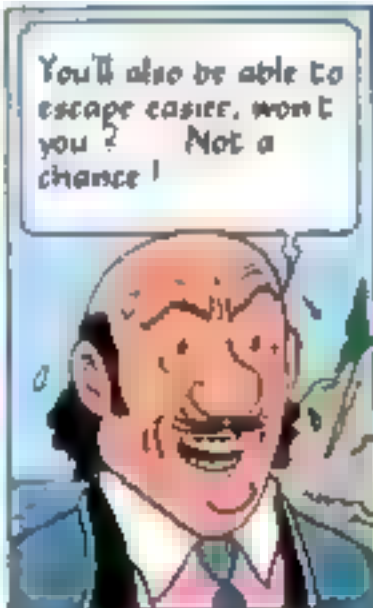
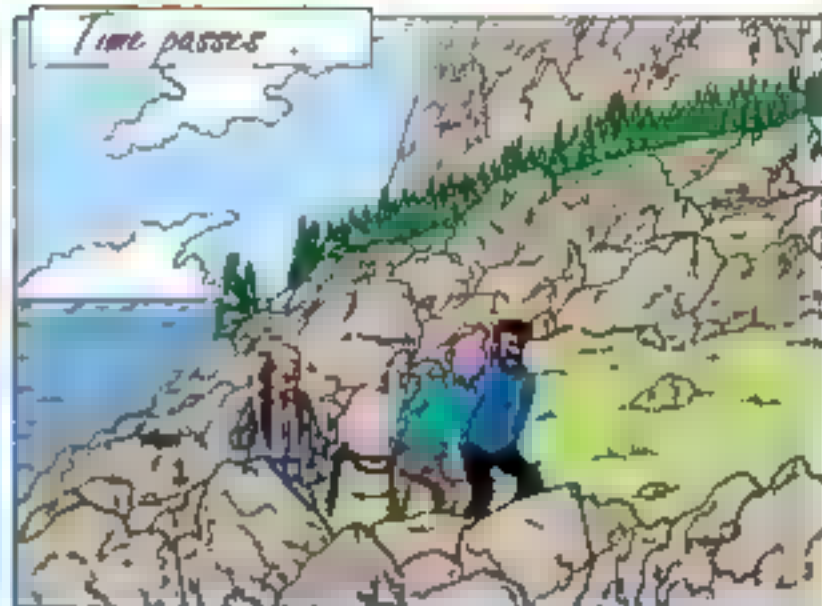
We've wasted enough time! Finish them!  
With pleasure boss!

1 See The Red Sea Sharks  
(2) See Flight 714







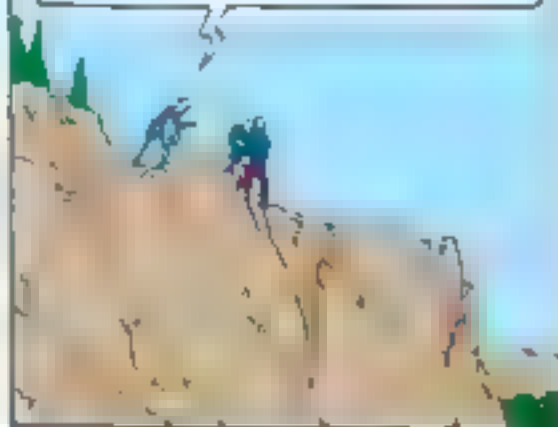




I'd like to see you try that! Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round... We should find a path that we can climb down



Right let's move



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



GIVE UP RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!



BANG PANG



Come on Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!

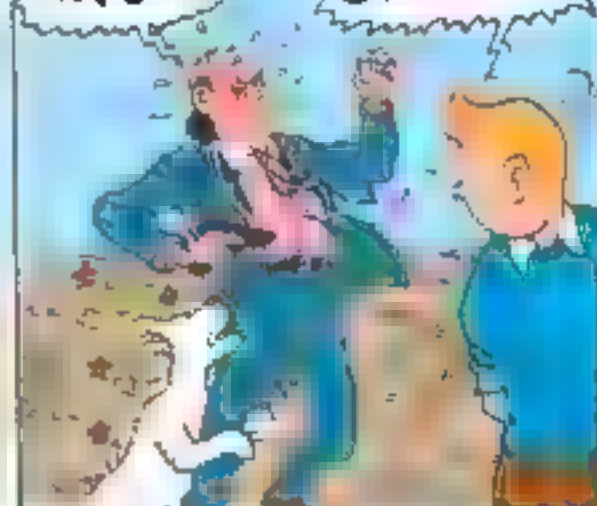


Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape now you understand?

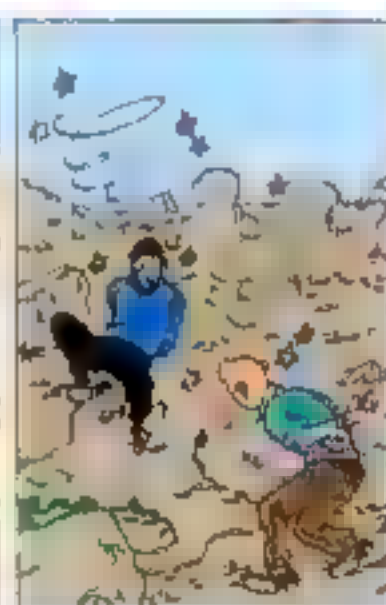
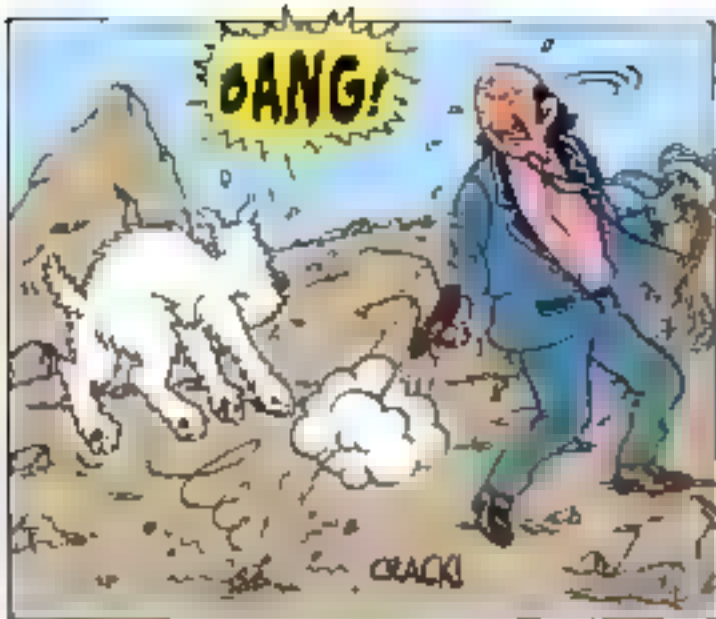


ARGH!

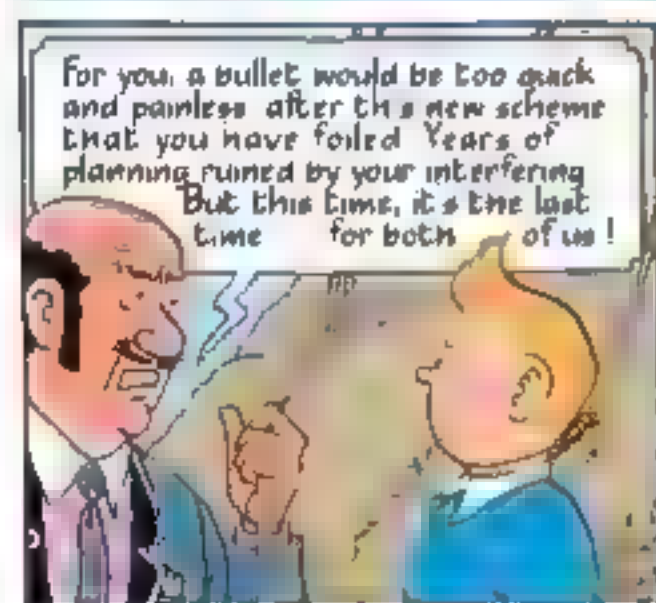
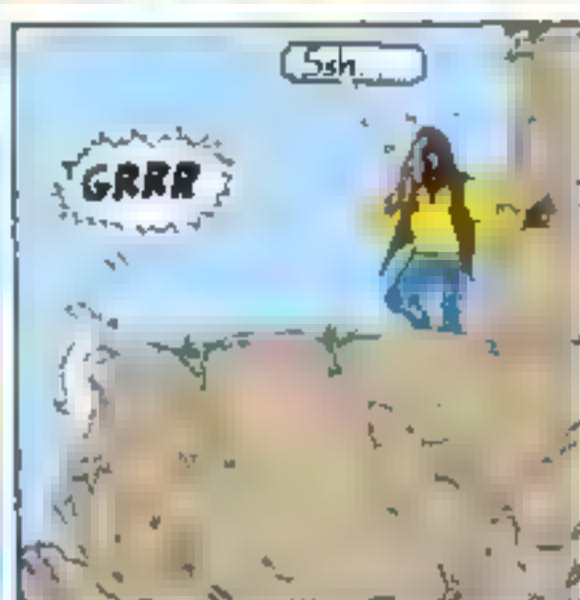
SNOWY!















**NO!**



**WOOAH!  
WOOAH!**



Let go of them!

**NASH!**



**NOO!**



**AARGH!** My hand!

**?**



You will never let **AARGH!**



And and you? Are you two alright?

**WOOAH!  
WOOAH!**



I'm fine Come down quickly and untie us And you, Captain? OK?



Blistering barnacles! I really thought that was the end, thundering typhoons!

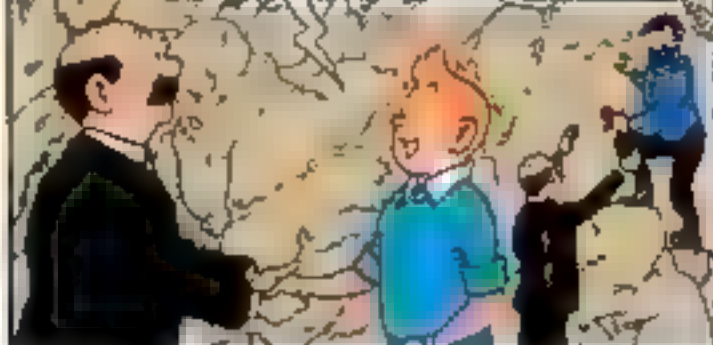


And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape no a narrow

Definitely! But how did you find us here in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings. We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

Ah?



Come on we'd better go down and find the

the bandit

That's right



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station he told us of your bizarre arrest then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash or

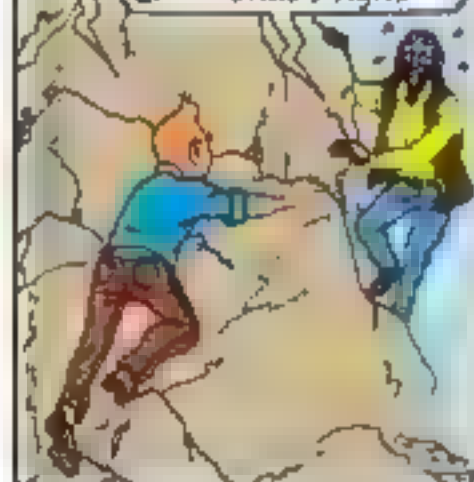


Nash But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?

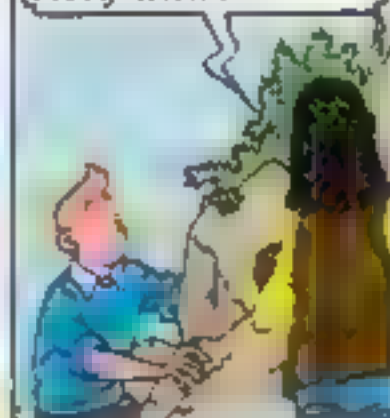
Er that's right



But I'm not a bad man! When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving!



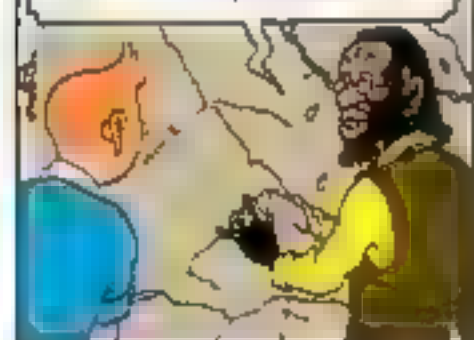
then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift I'd always done that



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all



Ah! There!! I think I see him



is he



Yes... dead God rest his soul!





[illegible]

# Mass & Alph-Art: the

the  
to the  
his prayers  
but then and it was  
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and great support  
as he was taken to hospital at the  
and read that as a clerk for  
a new school business  
forever in a great state

...on his speed  
...attributed to  
...in such a way  
...at least twice  
...to which he was  
...that day and  
...the night

Result is  
...ed on

**ACCOMPLICES?**

At the Tribune, the right hand man to the editor was the managing editor, who was the right hand man to the editor.

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The reports



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The reporter Tintin foils an international

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION  
500 5TH AVENUE  
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

[illegible]

More journalists!

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[illegible]

such as the child with  
schizophrenia. I am not  
F. U. as I have not  
you discuss by the way  
I will be plus and  
then we can see you  
I am sure of the  
= the next  
that the

Mr Tintin.

[illegible][illegible]

a few words?

Two days later



By thunder! More journalists!



Mr Tintin, a few words ?

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Druse . . .



Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastopoulova's villa?

Yes that's right



Do you plan to stay there?

Blistering barnades!  
Out of the question!  
We're going back to  
Markinspike! I will  
never set foot in  
Italy again!



Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.



Mr Tinton





Why, Miss Martine!  
Hello! How are you?

Very well,  
thank you.

I just wanted to congratulate  
you. I was horrified to learn  
that the master was a famous  
terrorist, but I'm glad that  
you were able to clear this  
whole sordid business up.

Personally, I'd have been  
happier if it weren't for  
all these murders.  
Monastir and your  
poor boss, Fourcart.

I know.

Er... Mr Tintin!  
I'd like to invite you to  
dinner. I want you  
to meet my parents.

Ah! The master!  
Nestor! Luthbert!

I hope Sir had a good flight back?

Excellent, Nestor, excellent!  
You know that you now have  
another house to look after?

Yes, I know.

I have a few ideas for the  
garden back at Marlinspike.

Ah? It's strange, it's  
been very nice recently.

And some days later

Blur blustering  
barnacles!  
Captain!  
Keep still!

You know, it's often  
all these re-touches  
that determine  
whether a statue is  
any good or not.

Captain! Don't move, or I  
might never finish this!

Thundering  
Eychoons!

You'll have to excuse  
me, but I had a bad  
experience with a bee  
in the past. But  
why do we have to do  
the statue outside?

I don't create indoors. I  
must be surrounded by  
nature in order for me to  
be able to visualise my  
work properly.

Oh?

CONGRATULATIONS!

?





Hi, my old chum! I say, I heard you've inherited a villa in Italy? I wanted to congratulate you!

Er... thanks.



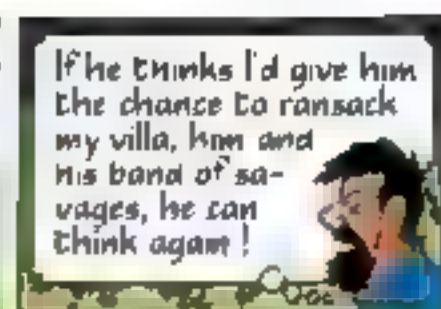
I'm taking the family to Italy for a holiday. You couldn't lend me the keys to your villa for a fortnight, could you?

Er...



The villa belongs to Tintin. I'll have to ask him.

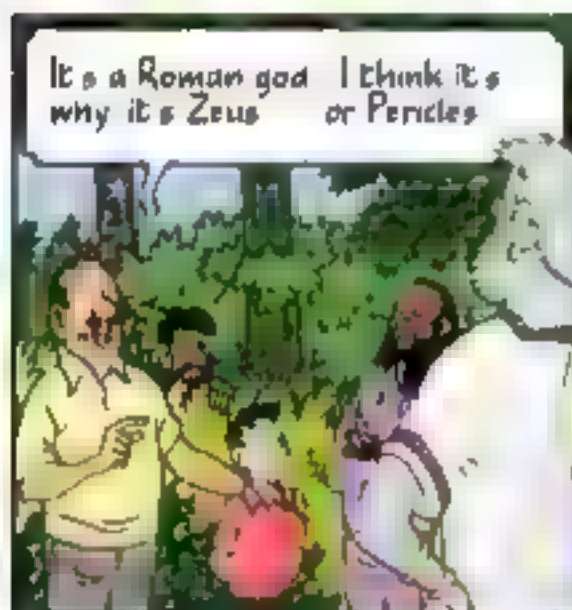
Be quick!



If he thinks I'd give him the chance to ransack my villa, hm and his band of savages, he can think again!



Wow! Dad, have you seen that statue! It's a god!



It's a Roman god. I think it's why it's Zeus or Pericles.



Oh but it's the Captain! You've certainly captured his spirit, his nobility.



What a great heart he has, that man. His intelligence, as well, shines through!



Jolyon, my old friend, here are the keys.

Ah good.



Tintin was a bit hesitant, but I soon convinced him!

Thanks, old salt. I owe you one!



In fact, I've invited my cousin who lives in Italy. He's going to join us, with his family.



Hi, Captain. Nice day, isn't it? Who was that you were talking to?

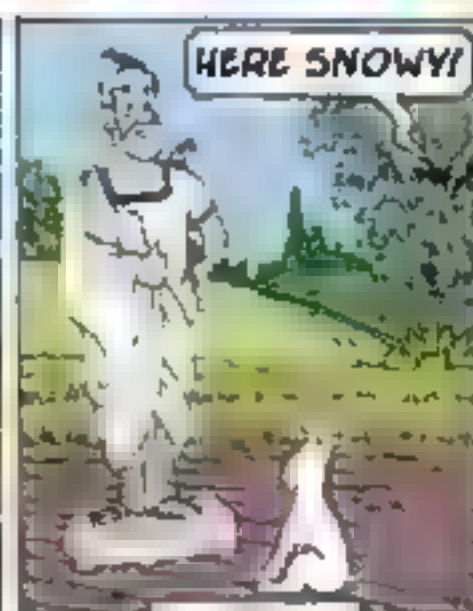
Wagg.



I've just given him the keys to the villa.



No, it's alright, it's free! I'm in a generous mood today!



HERE SNOWY!





























# TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.